



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

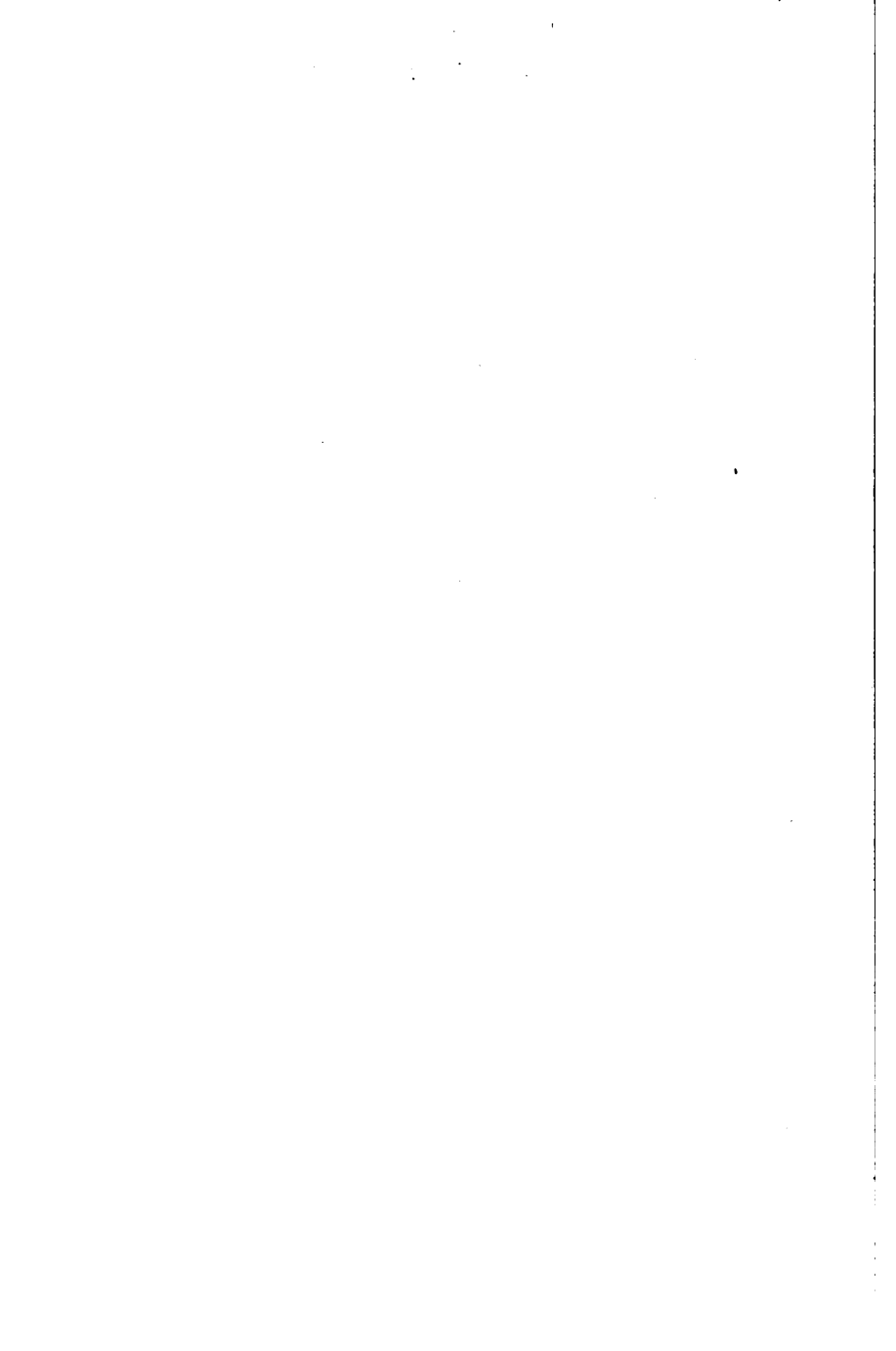
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

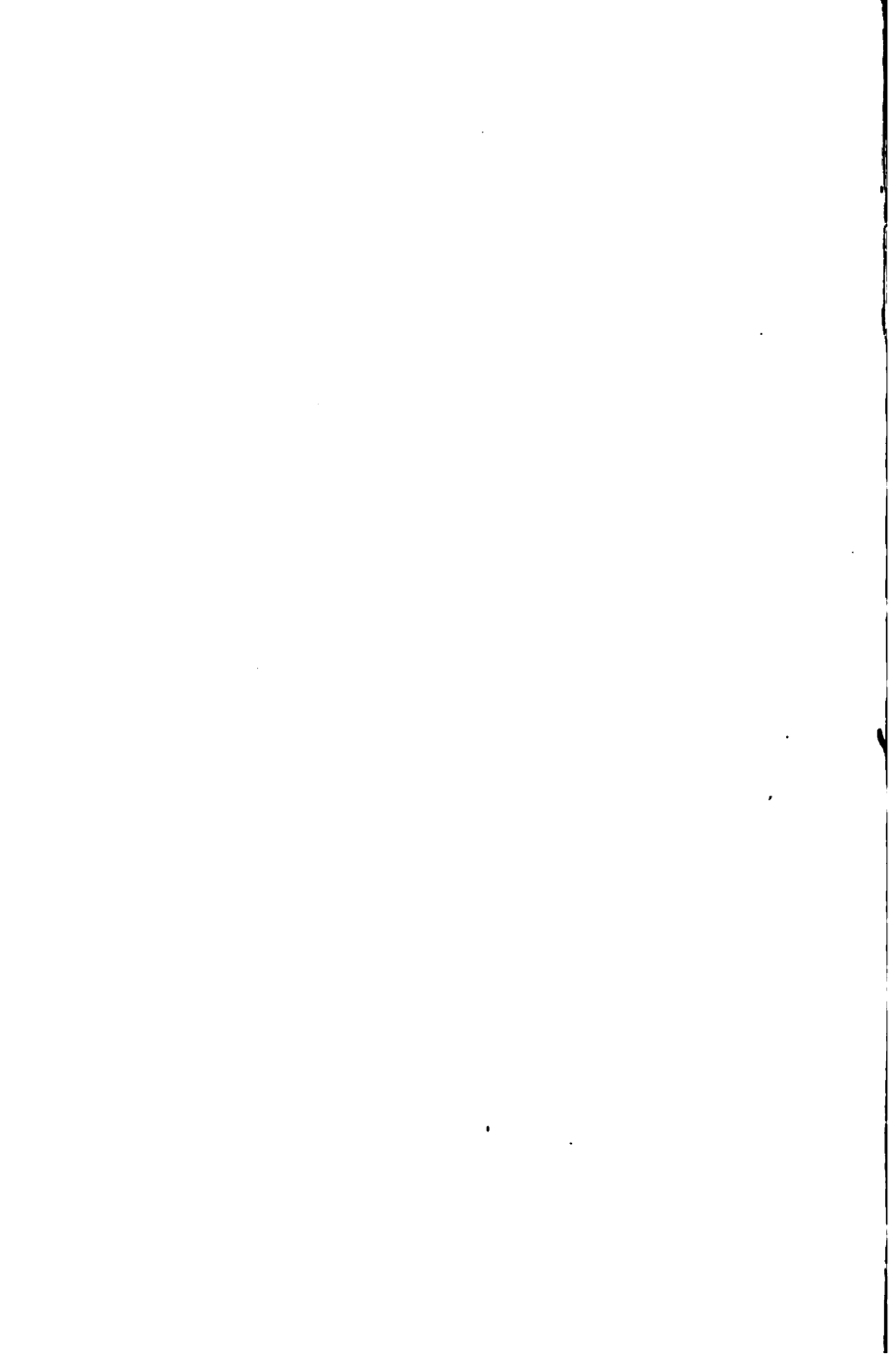


CO
CHELSEA

L'ESTRANGE

2





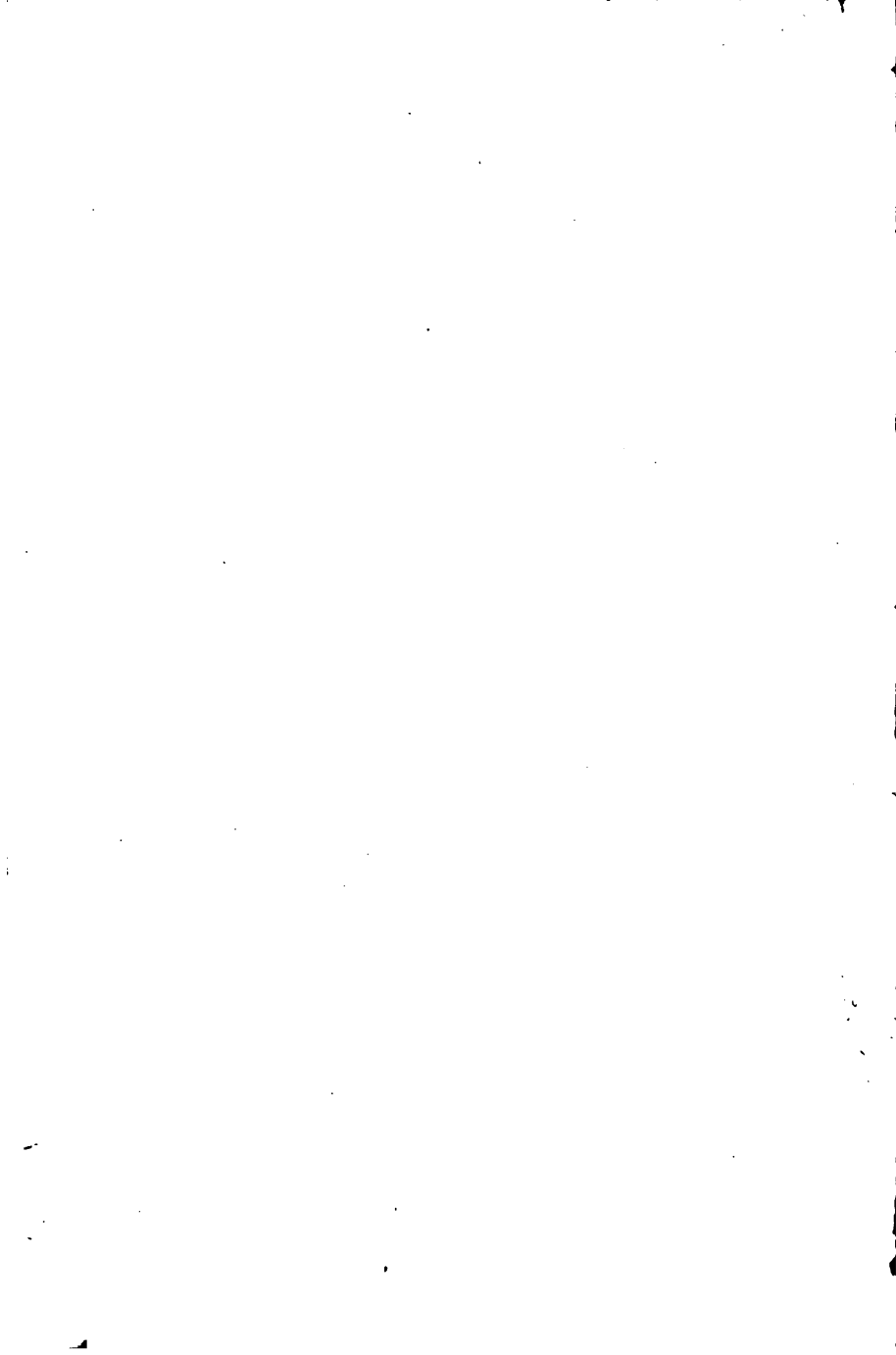
THE VILLAGE OF PALACES;

OR,

CHRONICLES OF CHELSEA.

—

VOL. II.



THE VILLAGE OF PALACES;

OR,

CHRONICLES OF CHELSEA.

BY THE

REV. A. G. L'ESTRANGE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE LIFE OF THE REV. W. HARNESS,"

"FROM THE THAMES TO THE TAMAR,"

&c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,

18, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1880.

All rights reserved.



CONTENTS
OF
THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

The Originators of the Royal Hospital—Insignificance of Public Contributions—Deduction from the Pay of the Army—Completion of the Building—Charges brought against the Officials—Lord Ranelagh—Embellishments of the Hospital—Flags taken in Battle—A Waterloo Hero—Wellington Lying in State—Female Warriors—A Veteran of the Olden Time 1

CHAPTER II.

The Duchess of Mazarin—Her Unhappy Marriage—She escapes—Arrives in England—Is admired by Charles II.—Becomes a Patroness of Science and Literature—Her Entertainments—St. Evremond—His Position—He composes Music and Poetry for the Duchess—Her Changed Circumstances—Embarrassments and Death at Chelsea 39

CHAPTER III.

Lord Shaftesbury—Educated by Locke—His Literary Acquirements—Advised to marry—Admires a Lady of Rank—Courtship under Difficulties—Hopes and Fears—Is refused—Marries the Daughter of a Commoner 60

CHAPTER IV.

Mary Astell—Her Views on the Education of Women—Proposes to form a Retreat—Reflections on Marriage—Her Proposals rejected and ridiculed—Her Exemplary Life 76

CHAPTER V.

Addison at Chelsea—His Invitation to young Lord Warwick—China Mania—Commencement of the Chelsea Porcelain Works—Dr. Johnson's Attempts—Beauty and Value of the Productions 91

CHAPTER VI.

Walpole's House and Gardens—His Sister's Flight—He becomes Paymaster-General—His Influence with Queen Caroline—Lord Hervey's Occupation—Immorality and Profanity of the Minister—Dangers of the Road to Chelsea—Walpole's Visitors—Pope—Hoadly—Winchester House—The Swan Inn 111

CHAPTER VII.

The Duchess of Monmouth—Her Court at Chelsea—
Ormond House—Swift's Visit—Kindness of Atterbury
—Swift's Aquatic Diversions—Church Lane at this time
—Royalty on the River—Water Language . 147

CHAPTER VIII.

Sir Hans Sloane—His Early Life—Love of Science—He
becomes a Favourite of the Queen—Detraction—His
Museum—Hospitality and Munificence—Bequest 175

CHAPTER IX.

Description of the Bun-house—Its Great Success—Street
scenes—Gay Customers of the Period—Picture of the
Proprietor's Household—Don Saltero—His "Knacka-
tory"—Successes of the Don . . . 188

CHAPTER X.

Smollett—Seeks Retirement—His Parties at Chelsea—
Humorous Description of his Guests—Race between
Author and Publisher—Smollett's Liberality—He is
imposed upon and involved in Difficulties—Petitions for
Dr. Johnson—Loses his only child—Leaves Chelsea and
dies 207

CHAPTER XI.

Stanley House—Lady Strathmore—Her Learned and
Artistic Tastes—Bowes' Stratagems—Duel—He mar-
ries Lady Strathmore—His Cruelties—She obtains a
Divorce 229

Crown for one thousand three hundred pounds, and the Council gave a vote of thanks to him for the service rendered the Society in thus disposing of a property which was a source of continual annoyance and trouble to them.

In the "Monthly Recorder" for 1682, under February 17th, we read:—"His Majesty went to Chelsey Colledg to lay the first stone, with several of the nobility, which is a place designed to be built and endowed by His Majesty for the relieve of Indigent officers, and Incouragement to serve His Majesty." Such were the meagre notices then given of events near London.

At first the hope was entertained that this institution could be established by voluntary contributions, but the results in this case, as in that of King James's College, show us that the public were not then so charitably disposed as they are at present. It would also appear that the clergy of the Reformed Church, who could no longer set forth good works as meritorious, were not

so successful as they now are in collecting subscriptions. The Archbishop of York, in reply to a letter from the King, says "that the clergy have no means of raising the money." "We can neither follow lords' gentlemen to their houses, nor summon them to meet us. If we light on them, we shall talk with small authority, and they will heare wth as little regard. Hatred and contempt we may get, but noe money." All the subscriptions obtained beyond those of Sir Stephen Fox and Tobias Rustat¹ only amounted to two thousand, three hundred and seventy-four pounds. Beyond this there were no funds available, except six thousand, seven hundred and eighty-seven pounds contributed by the King from the

¹ Rustat was under-keeper of Hampton Court Palace, and Yeoman of the Robes to Charles. He expended all his fortune in works of charity. Evelyn calls him "Toby Rustat, page of the back stairs, a very simple, ignorant, but honest and loyal creature." These pages performed somewhat menial offices, but often became intimate with royal personages. He and Archbishop Sancroft contributed £1000 each.

Secret Service money. Under these difficulties it was determined that a third of that shilling in the pound, which Sir Stephen Fox had shown might be taken out of the pay of the army with the approval of the Crown, should be devoted to the promotion of this work; and soon a greater part of the shilling was appointed to be thus expended. These shillings were found so very convenient, and so easily obtained, that the system was extended, and it was ordered that, on the sale of officers' commissions, a shilling in the pound should be deducted from both parties,¹ and a deduction of a day's pay was also scamped from the annual allowance of every officer and soldier. Later a deduction was made from the salaries of retired officers, whether on half or full pay. The whole money obtained from these sources up to the time when they ceased, amounted to nearly six

¹ We find the value of an ensign's commission was between £200 and £310; lieutenant's £400; captain's £860 to £3,000, towards the end of the seventeenth century.

millions, and a shilling deducted from out-pensioners in the same way, from 1755, amounted to two millions and a quarter. Add to this half a million from unclaimed prize-money,¹ and the total reaches nearly nine millions. If none of this money, which was taken for the army, had been expended upon other objects than that of the fabric of the hospital and its occupants, there would now have been a surplus of four millions. The shilling deduction ceased in 1783²—a vote from the Exchequer being given in its place—but until 1786 no large grant was made from the Exchequer for the maintainance of pensioners. The cost of the original structure, which comprised

¹ Among the entries of prize-money we find that some came from Gibraltar, and in 1800 some was paid by the Viceroy of Corsica to Chelsea Hospital, being the proceeds of a prize made by the "William" privateer. The Commissioners of Chelsea eventually distributed all the prize-money within the dominions of the Crown.

² Except from the Household troops, which paid it up to 1828.

nearly the whole of the present Hospital, and was in progress from 1681 to 1699, was about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

In eleven years (*i.e.*, in 1692,) the Hospital was sufficiently advanced to receive inmates, but meanwhile a considerable number of pensioners had been registered upon its books who received various allowances, the lowest and most common being five-pence a day. When the Prince of Orange succeeded James II., he found the building approaching completion, and called upon Lord Ranelagh for a report. From this it appeared that only five hundred and seventy-two could be accommodated in the Hospital, and that one hundred and seven must continue to receive pensions "in their quarters." Here was the commencement of the system of out-pensions, which eventually became so largely developed, and the disgraceful irregularity which we have noticed in the payment of the army was carried to a greater extent in the case of

these unfortunate men. In 1703 their number had fallen to fifty-one, and they had not received any regular pay since the year 1696, five thousand pounds being due to them ! It seems that they were quartered about the neighbourhood of the Hospital, mostly in a street justly called Jew's Row, where they lived in a miserable way upon credit obtained in shops and lodging-houses. During the war with France the invalids greatly increased in number, and now the first grant was made from the Exchequer in 1703. But it was quite insufficient, and in 1712 we find that to prevent the scandal of "these poor wretches begging about the streets," furloughs were granted. In this year the out-pensioners seem to have amounted to four thousand, and by way of diminishing the expense of maintaining them, all were ordered to appear before the Commissioners in London on pain of having their claims disallowed. As this measure applied to indigent men living in "England, Scotland, Ireland, or

beyond the seas," who had scarcely any means for travelling except on foot, it ought to have been a great financial success. But out of four thousand three hundred and sixty-four, three thousand six hundred and one presented themselves, half of whom, upon examination, were not thought to be unable to earn their own livelihood. These were accordingly struck off, and all the rest reduced to five pence a day.¹ But an appeal was made by those dismissed, by degrees nearly all the out-pensioners from their most distant retreats hobbled and begged their way up to Chelsea, and a great addition being made by the return of the troops from Flanders, the out-pensioners in 1714 numbered altogether four thousand three hundred and ninety-one men.

In this year a violent attack, prompted apparently by political animosity, was made upon the hospital authorities by Mr. Howe, the Paymaster-General, and a Committee of

¹ In 1714 a few called letter-men were allowed twelve pence a day.

the Privy Council admitted his representations that a large number of names had been unjustifiably entered upon the list of out-pensioners; "and," they add, "another advantage these persons seem to have is that a man is no sooner admitted an invalid than he became immortal, there not having one man died out of nine thousand one hundred and nine from the time of their admission." But we may observe that longevity has been often conferred by other than Chelsea annuities.

The principal charges brought against the hospital authorities by Mr. Howe were evidently unfounded, but some of them are worthy of notice as showing how abuses gradually creep into public institutions. It would appear that there were two master cooks, and, as the pensioners' diet was of Spartan character, we are surprised to find that they were paid forty pounds and thirty pounds per annum respectively—high wages at that time! They seem, however, to have been fully employed, for they not

only cooked for the hospital, but for a large part of the neighbouring inhabitants, to whom dinners were dispensed "as out of a public tavern." We also find one thousand two hundred and forty-nine pounds allowed annually for tobacco, but perhaps some of the inmates considered it to be a necessity rather than a luxury.

We are not sorry to find that so large a sum as two hundred and sixty pounds per annum was devoted to gardening, as flowers and well-kept parterres would make the hospital look cheerful, and afford pleasure to the declining days of the soldiers. But Mr. Howe remarks upon this item that "the great court¹ before the College, which by its beautiful plantations and walks is the chief ornament of the place has for some years past been let out to pasture for horses."

But the evil which ensued from delay of payments soon again appeared, and we find the out-pensioners—who were sometimes for two

¹ Burton Court.

years without pay—becoming the prey of money-lenders. Mr. Pitt, (afterwards Lord Chatham), when Paymaster-General, observing that from this system many of the pensioners and their families were in danger of starvation, obtained that they should be paid in advance half yearly ; adopting at the same time the course initiated by Fox of deducting a shilling in the pound.

In the middle of the eighteenth century the number of out-pensioners reached to over eighty thousand, and it continued to increase. In 1782 an additional four pence a day was allowed to those pensioners, who had severe wounds, and in 1801 a larger amount was given where they were totally blind, as was the case with some eight hundred returning from the expedition to Egypt.

The pay of the pensioners was greatly increased by Mr. Wyndham's Act passed in 1801, which also gave them a legal right to demand an allowance. The expense of their maintenance thus rose in 1807 to

upwards of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds per annum ! In 1826 this costly act was repealed, and the previous system again adopted. At the termination of every war a great accession of pensioners appeared on the list, teaching us the truth of the Duke of Wellington's saying that "there is nothing so sad as a victory, except a defeat." At the close of our triumphant Peninsular campaigns the number of the disabled at Chelsea rose from twenty-six thousand to thirty-six thousand, and after Waterloo we find fifty-four thousand on the lists. The number continued to rise up to 1838, when it reached eighty-four thousand—some blacks and St. Helena pensioners being included—but from that date it has generally decreased. The increase from early times of course arises partly from the greater care now taken of those who have suffered for their country.

The amount annually granted for out-pensions may be estimated from the fact

that when the deduction of twelve pence in the pound altogether ceased in 1847 the pensioners gained fifty thousand pounds a year.¹

We have already observed that when Chelsea Hospital was approaching completion in 1691 the three Commissioners appointed to manage and govern it were Sir Stephen Fox, Lord Ranelagh, and Sir Christopher Wren. Evelyn was Treasurer.

Lord Ranelagh was either much attracted by the advantages of Chelsea, or wished to be near the new hospital; for in 1690 he obtained a lease from the King of seven acres of the land, which had been purchased for that institution. Upon this he immediately commenced building a magnificent

¹ Various small bequests were made to the Hospital at different times, and James II., in leasing the Castle of Newcastle to the Corporation of that town, stipulated for the supply of one hundred chaldrons of coal annually to the Hospital. In 1807 the Castle was disposed of absolutely by the Crown, and the value of the coals, one hundred and seventy-three pounds, nine shillings, has since been regularly paid.

mansion. It is said to have been, "very fine within, all the rooms being wainscoted with Norway oak, and all the chimneys adorned with carving as in the Council Chamber in Chelsea College."¹ The grounds also were ornamentally laid out. In a paper in the *Archæologia* dated 1691 we read :—

"My Lord Ranelagh's garden being but lately made, the plants are but small, but the plats, borders, and walks are curiously kept, and elegantly designed, having the advantage of opening into Chelsea College walks. The kitchen-garden there lies very fine, with walks and seats—one of which being large, and covered, was then under the hands of a curious painter."

There is also mention of orchards and of a Dutch barn near the high road. Old Bowack writes as follows :—

"Lord Ranelagh was one of the first

¹ Alluding to a grand device of arms and armour, still existing over the mantelpiece of the Governor's drawing-room.

noblemen in England that improved gardening to its present perfection, and his genius this way is not only lofty, but very happy as appears by his gardens, which are esteemed the best in England—the bigness considered. The house of brick, cornered with stone, is not large but convenient, and may well be called a Cabinet. It stands a good distance from the Thames in the middle of the gardens. In furnishing, his Lordship has spared neither labour nor cost. The very greenhouses and stables, adorned with festoons, urns, &c., &c., have an air of grandeur not to be seen in many prince's palaces. His lordship resides here the greater part of the year."

We know little of Lord Ranelagh personally, but are told that he was happy in his jests and repartees, deriving his humour, probably, from the land of his birth. It is added that he was "fat and black," and Swift calls him "the vainest old fool I ever saw."

Before 1688, over fifty acres had been

VOL. II. C

added to the Hospital by purchase; but in 1698, Lord Ranelagh obtained not only a grant in fee of his seven acres, but also of other lands belonging to the Hospital—altogether twenty-seven acres, for the small rent of five pounds a year.¹ It is supposed this was made in consideration of his losses in the war in Ireland, as he made a petition in May, 1697, stating that he had lost £12,000 in rent, that his Castles of Roscommon and Athlone were ruined, and his mansion in Dublin pulled down for timber to build a mass-house, and asking for a grant of income, and the “inheritance of

¹ The subsequent purchases of land by the Hospital were nearly all from the Ranelagh Estate. In 1825 nine thousand pounds was given for the piece of land on which the Rotunda had been. Part of this land is now parcelled out in little gardens a few feet square for the pensioners, where the system of *petite culture* is successfully carried out. The men plant vegetables or flowers, mostly the latter, and the scene on Sundays, when their friends are visiting them, and they are disposing of their posies, is most lively and picturesque. Some of them make as much as ten pounds in the year.

his house at Chelsea." These lands went from the high road and Hospital Burial Ground on the north, to the marshes of the river on the south, being bordered on the west by the "Moate," and the way to the little banqueting house of the Hospital.

Shortly before the death of William III. owing to the burdens of war, and the opposition of the Tories to the acts of the previous Whig Government, an investigation was ordered into the army accounts, since 1688. Lord Ranelagh said they had been passed, and that he had the King's warrants for the payments; but the Committee persisted, and reported to the House that he had mis-appropriated large grants; upon which representation he was expelled from the House. Lord Ranelagh died in 1711, but it was not until 1736 that he received his "quietus," as it was called, *i. e.* that his accounts, filed by his daughter Lady Catherine Jones, were allowed to be passed. We find some interesting items in them for the expenditure from 1687 to 1692, such

as sixty pounds a year to the barber, and ten pounds per annum to the rat-catcher, five pounds four shillings and two pence to the goldsmith for a great gilt basin, a salver, three flagons, two great altar candlesticks, and other plate for the chapel; thirty-five pounds to Gerard Van Heythuysen for two pieces of tapestry-hangings for the Pay Office in the Hospital; three pounds for moving the statue of Charles II. from the hall to the court-yard of the Hospital; and to Signor Antonio Verrio, for painting in the hall of the Hospital, two hundred and ten pounds. This allegorical fresco, representing Charles II., is inscribed as "placed" by Lord Ranelagh. Perhaps he may have intended to present it, but in the audit of his accounts, a long time after his death, the price may have been entered as due to his estate. Otherwise the inscription may simply mean that it was placed there by him.

It appears that one of Lord Ranelagh's daughters displeased him by her marriage,

in consequence of which he bequeathed her portion, an annuity of two hundred pounds, to Chelsea Hospital, for supplying four hundred and sixteen in-pensioners with “surtout-coats” once in three years, and giving a small gratuity on every 29th of May, “being the birthday of King Charles, the founder.” Stow speaks of “Chelsea College, a large and stately structure with curious gardens, being much made use of for a hospital for maimed and ancient soldiers. I could wish that such a fine building had been rather appropriate for decayed gentlemen.” The grounds of the Hospital now extend over sixty acres. They are a great boon to the inhabitants of Chelsea, as, excepting a small portion, they are open to the public, although the gates are closed once in the year to maintain the right of exclusion. Before 1850, our aquatic predecessors disported themselves in what was considered a very delightful “water-garden.” On the front towards the river, a canal studded with duck-houses extended on each side of

the broad walk, and branched off before the central court. This has now been drained, and the pollard lime trees which grew beside it have been very successfully transplanted to form side avenues. The embankment has also removed the boundary of the Thames, and lately during some alterations, the old water-stairs, and the posts to which barges had been moored, were found deep down in the earth a few feet in front of the garden gate, and about thirty yards from the present river wall. I may here observe that it is only within the last ten years that the Commissioners of the Hospital have obtained the freehold of their land, and been made independent of every other Government office.

Few can pass before this noble pile of buildings, without being impressed with the size, strength and symmetry of Wren's design. No doubt he would have liked some better material than brick; but he has relieved the dulness with stone dressings. The interior is equally grand in its effect,

and we may suppose that some of the fine oaken doors and staircases came from those trees of Windsor Forest which were given by King James to his Theological College. Here are other valuable possessions. The apse of the Chapel is covered with a large fresco by Sebastian Ricci, and round the Governor's state-room—a magnificent apartment twenty-seven feet high—are full-length pictures of our Sovereigns from Charles II. to George III. by Vandyck, Lely, Kneller, and Seeman. But the glory of the whole is the central hall. It is one hundred and ten feet in length, thirty feet in width, and nearly fifty feet in height, and along its walls the names of great battles are inscribed, and the portraits of military heroes are suspended. Originally the bronze statue of Charles II.,¹ now

¹ In Roman costume. It was presented by Tobias Rustat, and executed by Grinling Gibbons, who carved the pedestal of Charles I.'s statue at Charing Cross, and perhaps the ornamental trophy of arms and armour over the state-room mantelpiece. He was first brought into

in the front court, stood in the centre; and the wall over the dais is entirely covered with the picture by Verrio, representing the monarch protected by all kinds of propitious and beneficent goddesses.

But the chief objects of pride are the rows of flags—memorials of many a hard-fought field and blood-stained conflict—which now hang motionless on each side of the hall and chapel. They are perishable trophies, and, perhaps, it is well for the good-will of nations that such is the case. When, in 1835, they were brought here from the India House, Whitehall and St. Paul's, the flags of Marlborough's victories had entirely disappeared,¹ and some even of the others are mere colourless rags, or shreds upon network. But in them we may read a history of England's modern warfare. Here are Mal-

notice by Evelyn, who found him wood-carving in a cottage at Deptford.

¹ Many of Marlborough's flags were kept in a damp place and allowed to moulder away; their poles were used to drive out the rats.

tese flags with the red-cross, ship and tower, taken by Sir Ralph Abercromby. Here are triangular flags from India marked with the hand the monarch is supposed to place upon them, and here are the pendants—the blazing sun upon a red ground—which adorned the elephants' howdahs of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Saib. Here are the yellow Dutch flags, and the crimson standard with its golden lion of the King of Kandy, Ceylon. Here are both old brown French republican flags, and some of later date with the wreath, fasces, and Cap of Liberty. Here the American Eagle stretches its wings beneath the Stars—the flag to which I particularly allude being that taken amid a storm of bullets at Bladensburg in the United States. Dr. Gleig, afterwards Chaplain-general, was in this action as a subaltern, and was stopped just before reaching the coveted prize by a shot in the thigh, while the soldier who followed him was hit in the ankle, while he was taking it up. There are two figures on the reverse of this

flag which are said to represent Liberty standing on the stomach of King George, whose crown has fallen off his head.¹ The Eagle, which stands here, taken by Sergeant Ewart at Waterloo, was gained in a still more sanguinary conflict, which he describes in a letter to his father: "It was in the first charge I took the Eagle from the enemy; he and I had a hard contest for it. He thrust for my groin; I parried it off, and cut him through the head. After which I was attacked by one of their Lancers, who threw his lance at me, but missed his mark by my throwing it off with my sword by my right side; then I cut him from the

¹ This account of the flags is taken from a MS. book presented to the Hospital by the Queen, and is a copy of one at Windsor. The flags are coloured, and the writer, J. T. Ford, had a great advantage in seeing them in 1861, when they were in somewhat better condition than they are now.

Here is also a curious old arm-chair, surmounted by a crown, in which have sat many celebrated Presidents, none more worthy or hospitable than Sir Patrick Grant, the present Governor.

chin upwards, which went through his teeth. Next I was attacked by a foot-soldier, who, after firing at me, charged me with the bayonet; but he very soon lost the combat, for I parried it, and then cut him down through the head, so that finished the contest for the Eagle. . . . I took the Eagle into Brussels amidst the acclamations of thousands."

This hall was originally the dining-room of the pensioners, but now it is a reading room, and round the tables we may see groups of weather-beaten veterans fighting their last battles over cards and dominoes. How many tales of dangers and difficulties can they narrate? Perhaps one of the most interesting among them is Mackay, a Highlander, one of our last Waterloo men. He is a short stout-built man with a bright intelligent countenance—so cheerful and jovial that one is astonished to hear that he is ninety-seven years of age. There is a certain redness about his nose, which we might be inclined to attribute to the appre-

ciation of his native "mountain dew," did we not hear that it came from a shell having burst close to him at Waterloo, and injured that feature, and also one of his eyes. "Why, man, what have you been doing with your nose?" asked the doctor, when he presented himself after the battle, "you look as if you'd been ploughing a field with it." The sight of one of his eyes has never since been good, and his tongue is now a little paralyzed, so that he speaks thickly, and his left arm is affected and of little use. He told me that after Quatre Bras his regiment were deprived of half their "hackle," or feather, for disobedience to orders." The French surrounded them, and as, owing to the wet, their muskets with the old firelocks would not go off, they charged the enemy and made their way through with the bayonet. In this battle he was shot through the hand, and when our troops fell back and made a final stand at Waterloo, he received the injury to his face, and a bayonet wound in his thigh. He was

afterwards one of the guard placed over Napoleon, when he was on board ship at Plymouth, and he seemed to have a sort of professional sympathy for the fallen Emperor. "He spoke little to anyone at that time," he said, "for he was in low spirits." "Ah, Sir," he added, "he had not fair play at Waterloo, for Grouchy took a bribe from Blücher, and the Prussians came up in the evening playing French tunes and showing the French colours they had bought."

The name of Waterloo is stamped imperishably upon the page of history and upon the hearts of men, not only on account of the long doubtful character of the struggle, and of the dauntless valour displayed on both sides, but because upon it depended the destinies and the liberties of Europe. And we may say that there is no place in England so nearly associated with this victory as this hall, in which its trophies have hung, its veterans have passed the evenings of their days, and its great hero has lain in state to receive the last homage of

a grateful nation. The gloom which overshadowed the country upon his death could be but imperfectly represented by any funeral display. But this should not lead us to under-estimate the grandeur of the scene. From the summit of the hall drooped mournful draperies in the form of a vast tent, dimly lighted by colossal silver candelabra. Against the wall on either side stood a line of Grenadier Guards motionless and statuesque, leaning on their reversed arms. At the farther end, within a silver railing under a silver-lined canopy, rested the bier and coffin of the hero, upon a cloth of gold, while in front hung a dazzling array of the stars and orders with which he had been decorated. A trophy of French captured flags was erected in the vestibule, and from beneath it they bore him forth to a still more glorious place of repose, and laid him in the mighty edifice created by the same mind that had raised this noble hospital.¹

¹ He was borne out through the central entrance, which is only open on state occasions.

The number of in-pensioners is five hundred and forty-nine. To many this hospital is a mere passage to something better, for the average duration of life in it is only four years. There can be no doubt that the men are more comfortable here than they would be in their own homes ; but, nevertheless, suggestions have been made about dissolving the establishment. Lady Scott told me Lord John Russell entertained some project of this kind, and visited the hospital incognito to make inquiries. He entered into conversation with some of the pensioners, and told them that he thought they would be better off with their friends in their own villages in the country. But the men, suspecting for some reason who he was, and what was his object, came about him, and one of the oldest replied, "Yes, Sir, that might be so, but many of us have been away abroad soldiering nearly all our lives ; our relatives are dead, and we have not got any villages to go to."

The number of out-pensioners is seventy-six thousand, scattered over every part of the world. Their allowances vary from one penny halfpenny to four shillings a day, the former amount being paid to negroes. There was an increase last year of more than six thousand men, owing to the new army system, which seems not to improve either the health or valour of our troops. The very young men now enlisted cannot stand foreign climates, and are soon upon the list of the disabled.

Two women were once upon the roll as out-pensioners—the first was Christina Davis, who died in 1739. She served as a dragoon in the Royal Irish Enniskillen regiment, and her sex was only discovered in consequence of her being wounded in a battle in King William's wars in Ireland. She afterwards accompanied the army to Flanders, and was of great use in supplying the soldiers with water and other necessaries even up to the cannon's

mouth. Through the influence of George I. she obtained an allowance from the hospital, and towards the end of her life lived at Chelsea, having married an old pensioner as her third husband. She was interred according to her desire in this burial ground, and three volleys were fired over her.

Shortly before the death of this female soldier another was born at Worcester—Hannah Snell. Such was her energy and daring that having married a Dutch sailor, who ill-treated her, she put on her brother-in-law's dress, and enlisted in a foot regiment. Upon being unjustly punished she left it, and entering the marines served for several years in the East Indies on board a sloop. At Pondicherry she was wounded, and being sent to England confessed her sex, and upon petition obtained a pension from the Duke of Cumberland, and from Chelsea. She wore her uniform for some time afterwards, and exhibited herself at entertainments, dying eventually

at the age of sixty-nine in Bethlehem Hospital.

These female warriors had a predecessor in Chelsea, whose monument is upon the outer wall of the church. The daughter of Dr. Chamberlayne, who lived in Church Street, fought in a man's dress beside her brother in a fire-ship for six hours against the French in 1690. She afterwards married Sir John Spragg, and died young.

Among the veterans who sleep side by side in the burial ground of the hospital, one is especially worthy of notice. William Hiseland lived to be one hundred and twelve and was "ancient, but not superannuate." He enlisted under the Parliament in Fairfax's Horse, at the breaking out of the Civil War in 1642, and was at Edgehill and Newbury; where in saving the life of his commander, Sir Thomas Fairfax, he received a wound in his arm. After being in nearly all the battles of the Civil War, he served in France under Turenne, and in Holland in the Duke of Monmouth's Horse. He was then taken prisoner, and

served the Emperor Leopold in Hungary against the Turks, being in Vienna during the siege. Afterwards he was in the Spanish service for four years, and, returning home, was at Bothwell Bridge. In Queen Anne's reign he served in the Duke of Marlborough's campaign and fought at Blenheim. Although he received several wounds in these engagements he was never disabled, but continued to labour, particularly at coal-heaving, till the age of one hundred and ten. We read on his gravestone that to the last his complexion was fresh and florid, and that he had the strength of a young man, and we might add that he had the enterprise of one, for he married three times after he was a hundred. Towards the end of his life he was a pensioner at Chelsea, and also the Duke of Richmond and Sir Robert Walpole allowed him a crown a week each. Among Faulkner's MSS. there is an interesting letter from Miss E. Gulston, who says that at the Duke's house in Privy Gardens there was a picture of this old soldier, which was pro-

bably burnt with the house. It was a likeness down to the knees of a man in a red coat and blue waistcoat; his hair was grey, and he held a halberd in his hand. In the background was a view of a battle, and beneath the picture was an enumeration of the engagements in which he had fought.

Dr. Burney was made organist at Chelsea Hospital in 1783. Mr. Burke, in his letter announcing the appointment, said that it was "pour faire la bonne bouche" before his leaving office. It conferred fifty pounds a year and rooms in the hospital. Burney was a friend of Barry, and survives in that artist's great painting in the Gallery of the Fine Arts Society, Adelphi. Here in the Triumph of Commerce and Navigation, the Doctor represents music, and is placed among the Naiads of the Thames. Miss Burney (Madame D'Arblay) quotes some amusing lines suggested by this strange position.

"When Burney's picture was to Gibbon shewn,
The pleased historian took it for his own;
'For who, with shoulders dry and powdered locks,
E'er bathed but I?' he said, and rapped his box."

Barry is made to reply—

“ My lasting colours shew
What gifts the painter’s pencil can bestow.
With nymphs of Thames, those amiable creatures,
I placed the charming minstrel’s smiling features;
And let not then his *bonne fortune* concern ye,
For there are nymphs enough for you and Burney.”

Burney’s “ History of Music ” is a standard work. His rival Hawkins was thought to have been extinguished by a pun of Callcott’s—

“ Have you Sir John Hawkins’ history ?
Some folks think it quite a myst’ry,
Music filled his wondrous brain,
How d’ye like him ? Is it plain ?
I’ve both read and must agree
Burney’s history pleases me.
Sir John Hawkins, Sir John Hawkins,
How d’ye like him ? How d’ye like him ?
Burney’s history, Burney’s history, (Burn his history,)
Burney’s history pleases me.”

On the north of the Hospital there is an avenue of trees with nice bright-looking houses on either side extending from Burton

Court—a square park-like field—to the King's Road. The original avenue was planted before 1692, and was at first called White Stiles, from some ornamental entrance—and afterwards the Royal Avenue, the name it now bears, owing to Queen Anne having entertained the idea of continuing it to Kensington Palace.

CHAPTER II.

The Duchess of Mazarin—Her Unhappy Marriage—She escapes—Arrives in England—Is admired by Charles II.—Becomes a Patroness of Science and Literature—Her Entertainments—St. Evremond—His Position—He composes Music and Poetry for the Duchess—Her Changed Circumstances—Embarrassments and Death at Chelsea.

WHEN Charles II. was engaged with his Ministers in laying the first stone of Chelsea Hospital, if his thoughts at all wandered into scenes of gaiety, as was not unfrequently the case with him, one of the most prominent figures that would have appeared before him would have been that of a lady whose loveliness has made her historical. Hortensia Mancini was a daughter of the sister of the great Mazarin. The

Cardinal had amassed a large fortune, and being grieved at the impiety of his nephew and nieces, determined to leave his wealth to the youngest, whom he supposed to be the least confirmed in her evil ways. But Hortensia was a light-hearted, frolicsome girl, fond of the world and its delusive pleasures. She would have been a suitable spouse for Charles, but he was at this time "on his travels," and the Cardinal did not wish to marry his heiress to an exiled prince. After the Restoration, Mazarin began to repent, and wished to renew the negotiations; but now the King's Ministers objected to the marriage. Thus, as usual, the course of true love did not run straight, and eventually it took, in this case, a perversely crooked direction. The Cardinal, when dying, united his niece to the Duc de la Meilleraye, a rich man, and a true son of the church. This nobleman¹ was, in fact, a religious fanatic of the worst type, and spent his money upon priests and monks,

¹ Who adopted the arms and name of Mazarin.

and such like "cheats, who promised him cent per cent interest in the next world." He imagined that he saw visions, and had a gift of prophecy, and went about the country in the cause of virtue, preaching to the farmers that they should not allow their daughters to witness the common sights of the farm-yard, and maintaining that even the milking of a cow was an indelicate act. His wife's misdoings he found to be innumerable, but he was principally scandalized at her late hours, her wearing patches, her playing blind-man's buff, and going to dramatic performances.

Quarrels and law-suits soon ensued, and the Duke locked his wife up in a convent, where she and another merry lady amused themselves by playing tricks on the nuns, filling their boxes with water, putting ink into the *bénitiers*, and leading them chases about the country. No doubt the waywardness of the Duchess was greatly increased by this attempt at coercion, and eventually she fled away from her husband's house,

disguising herself in boy's clothes to escape detection. In 1675, she came over to England, where her first cousin was Duchess of York. Her arrival created a great sensation, and caused not a little jealousy among the native beauties of the land. We can picture her, at this time, about twenty-seven years of age—rather tending to *embonpoint*, with a complexion marvellously fine, shining black hair flowing in ringlets at the back, and her countenance lit up with the bright eyes and sunny smile of Italy. When we add that she had a perfectly natural manner—too easy perhaps, but contrasting favourably with the stiffness then in fashion—we can understand how she gained a great and unfortunate following. The King and his gay courtiers were fascinated, and sought her society; while she loved to collect around her, not only the votaries of fashion, but also those of learning. She thus introduced a superior element to refine scenes of luxury and dissipation. Much of the conversation at

her house was of a literary and scientific character. She was fond of concerts, had symphonies and plays composed for her, and is said to have introduced the Italian Opera into England. A more questionable benefit derived from her was the game of basset, which became a means of gambling, though it is said that the play was not high at her house.¹ Many leading men of the day—such as the Dukes of Devonshire and St. Albans, Lords Sunderland, Mulgrave, and Montagu—were here accustomed to meet. We are told that her household was ordered with “great freedom and greater discretion,” and so quietly that everything seemed to move of its own accord. All her equipages were in the best taste, and her *cuisine* was exquisite. She delighted in pets, and kept a variety of dogs, birds, and monkeys.² Of course, this mode of living,

¹ This game was brought over by one Morin, whom the Duchess patronized, and allowed to keep a “bank” at her house.

² We read of her dogue, “Chop,” her cat, “Poussy,” and her parrot, “Pretty.”

though not unsuitable to her society and parentage, necessitated a large expenditure. Charles II. allowed her £4,000 a year, and her husband was bound to pay her an annuity of twenty-four thousand francs, but the latter she only received for a few years.

The Duchess of Mazarin was a Roman Catholic, and had a chaplain residing with her, part of whose duty was to read French and Italian to her. She had also another person constantly in attendance, who wrote poetry for her, and sometimes her letters. He was an old man with bright blue eyes, and an intelligent countenance, wearing a black leathern cap above his fringe of white locks. A scion of a noble family in Normandy, he had, in his youth, been distinguished in arms, and received honourable wounds. He had been intimate with the Prince de Condé, and was attached to the brilliant Embassy which came to congratulate Charles II. upon his Restoration to the throne. But a change had come over the

fortunes of St. Evremond; he had written a letter reflecting on Cardinal Mazarin, and to avoid the Bastille had been obliged to fly from his country. Coming to England, he was well received by Charles II., who bestowed on him an appointment, that of Governor of Duck Island in St. James's pond, with a salary somewhat disproportionate to the duties. He was not only on terms of intimacy with the first nobles of the land, but also with the first literary men of the day, such as Waller, Hobbes, Cowley, and Vossius. The position which he occupied with regard to the Duchess of Mazarin is not easily determinable. Sometimes he addresses her as a servant, sometimes as a lover, though he did not exactly occupy the place of either. We might more justly call him her poet. He writes on one occasion: "A man can never be ridiculous in loving you. A Minister of State renounces his politics for you, and a philosopher his morals, without any prejudice to their reputation. The power of an exqui-

site beauty justifies all the passion which it is capable of producing; and, after having counselled my judgment as nicely as my heart, I will tell you, without fear of being ridiculed for it—that I love you.” Thus, late in life, he retained, at least, in expression, the warmth of his native land. But he only intended to be complimentary. Writing to the Earl of St. Albans, he says “that he also loves the company of pretty ladies, but has no design of making an impression on the heart.” The Abbot de Chaulieu having sent a poem to the Duchess of Mazarin, comparing him to Ovid, St. Evremond replied, “I have several advantages over Ovid. True, he was more fortunate at Rome with Julia than I have been at London with Hortensia; but the favours of Julia were the occasion of his misfortune, and the rigours of Hortensia do not make a man of my age uneasy.”

We can easily understand that the Duchess did not dislike St. Evremond’s adulation, and that he was useful to a lady who derived a

name not only for munificence but for artistic discernment. He was an excellent reader; he wrote comedies, and not only composed poems, but set them to music. He entered heart and soul into the improvement of her entertainments, and revelled in the luxury of her table and the refinement of her company. He composed a doleful elegy on the death of her sparrow, in which he perpetuates her dogs, "Little," "Rogue," and "Boy," her starling "Jacob," and her "Bully."

Sometimes St. Evremond ventured to chide the Duchess, and seems to have been sincere in the advice he gave. He evidently looked upon her as a child, as he was more than thirty years the elder, but he always spoke in a most deferential tone. In one place he begs her not to fill her grates with flowers and foliage so early in the spring; in another he asks her to be sparing in the use of adventitious adornments—as in her case every ornament concealed a beauty. Referring to the Prince of Monaco, whom he thought she encouraged, he warns her against "fops

—busy fellows, who were ever ready to shut a door or a window, and to take up a glove or fan. The slender merit of lovers disgraces ladies.” In 1683 Baron Banier, a great favourite of the Duchess, was killed in a duel by her nephew. She was inconsolable; had her principal apartment draped in black, and purposed entering a convent. Upon this St. Evremond writes :—

“When the ugly and the foolish throw themselves into nunneries, it is a divine inspiration that makes them quit the world, where they can but disgrace its Author; but in you, Madam, it is a downright temptation from the devil, who, envying God’s glory, cannot bear the admiration which the most excellent of his works raises in us.”

On another occasion he wrote to dissuade her from devoting her time so much to basset, which it seems she sometimes continued till break of day. He laments that improving conversation should be set aside for cards.

In the following letter to the Earl of St. Albans, he bemoans this love of play and shows his fondness for society :—"No company is so agreeable and good but one time or other it must part : therefore, by a much stronger reason, a melancholy society ought not to last for ever. Since I have begun to play at Madame Mazarin's, I have not had Spadillo six times. Basto has come oftener to me, but it is a decoy that tempts me to play and causes me to be worsted. I draw none but Trays of Clubs or Spades, or Sixes of Hearts and Diamonds. . . . Let us comfort ourselves, my Lord, that we are in a better condition than those that win our money, for 'tis better by far to suffer an injury than to do it. Madame Mazarin has an excellent hand at filching my fishes, and dropping a card out of the stock, when I play without taking in, with four matadors in hand. I address myself to the Prince de Monaco (he came in seventy-six), who tells me very seriously, and with an air of sincerity, 'Upon my word, St. Evremond I looked

another way.' . . . Come to town, my Lord, to maintain your own rights yourself; the country was never made for such as you. Let those be disgusted with the world with whom the world is already disgusted. But let those persons of worth and honour who are beloved by it, still continue in it. A man of honour and politeness ought to live and die in a capital city, and in my opinion there are but three capital cities in Europe, Rome, London, and Paris. . . . Free conversation at table with a few guests, a game at *hombre* at His Royal Highness's¹ and chess at home, will make you as easily wait the last period of life at London as Monsieur des Yveteaux did at Paris. He died at eighty years of age, causing a Saraband to be played to him a little before he expired, *that his soul, as he expressed himself, 'might slide away the easier.'* "

One of the pieces composed by St. Evremond for the Duchess was called the "Concert de Chelsey," in which he introduced

¹ The Duke of York.

three characters. It has been said that she generally went to Chelsea in the summer, but she evidently did not take up her abode there until her embarrassments increased, and she removed from the "petit palais" in St. James's. This was in 1694.¹ Her residence is said to have been just west of the Hospital, the last house in the line called Paradise Row.

(The houses in this Row, now Queen's Road, are covered with climbing plants, have pretty parterres, and with their handsome entrance gates in front, and large gardens at the back, might then have seemed Paradisiacal. They are low, but have generally five windows at the first floor and contain good rooms, wainscoted to the ceilings. Altogether they have an air of old-fashioned gentility, and the sides of the hall doors are ornamented with wood carving. I mention

¹ Some have supposed that she occupied the residence afterwards belonging to Lord Orford, but this was in "Sweed Court," which, when it changed hands in 1691, was designated a "parcel of land and meadow ground."

these details, as in five years, when the leases fall in, they will be demolished.)

In speaking of her place of residence she terms it her *logis*, and we can scarcely suppose that in her circumstances she took a house of greater importance. St. Evremond alludes to this change of residence:—
“Everything lowers at London since your departure. It is not so at Chelsea, where your philosophy makes you taste a very delicious retreat. Soothe the grief of your friends by intervals of presence—

‘Upon the wings of Time grief flies away.’

“Show yourself from time to time, or at least let your friends see you at Chelsea. *The fine air of Chelsea and the repose of solitude leave no room to doubt either of your health or of the tranquillity of your mind.*” This is the beginning of a philosopher’s letter written to a greater philosopher than himself. He cannot maintain his philosophy any longer; the remembrance of your displeasure against him has confounded him.

He hopes, nevertheless, that his innocence and your equity will allow him to end with, *Tuyo hasta la Muerte. El Cavallero, de la triste figura.*"

Notwithstanding her embarrassments during her stay at Chelsea she still managed to entertain her friends, most of whom came to her as before.¹ Lysons tells us that it was the custom for them to leave money for her under their plates. Some of them made her presents of comestibles, and we find Lady Sandwich sending her some of the celebrated Bath mutton; and Godolphin, melons and other luxuries. In the following letter from St. Evremond to the Duchess, we read that this nobleman proposed to join a fishing party given by the Duchess at Chelsea, at a time it must be remembered when good trout and salmon, and not merely gudgeon, were to be caught there:—

"My Lord Godolphin having business, which he must necessarily attend, and not being able to go a-fishing according to

¹ But she never paid her poor rates during this time.

appointment, is put off to another time. My Lord Ranelagh has undertaken to acquaint you of it, but, however, for the more security I write you word of it myself. The first of these Lords has sent me six rabbits in order to deliver them to you; one would imagine I was speaking of a letter. The packet being large, I have kept one rabbit to pay the carriage, or rather the duty of intelligence. I wish all givers of intelligence were as modest in their fees as I am in mine; one in six is little enough in conscience. My Lord Arran either would not or could not explain to me the English, which is in your letter; he says he is unhappy in not progressing in marriage, and goes backward in politics, and that King James is not more unhappy in losing his three kingdoms than he is in having no further admission into your house."

It is pleasant to learn that a few of those who had partaken of her hospitality gave her some pecuniary assistance, but she was eventually reduced to inconceivable ex-

tremities. She lived in daily fear of being thrown into prison—never knew when she went out whether she should be allowed to return home—and was fain to borrow money. We find her now reduced to drinking beer instead of choice wines, and she appears from the following to have been unable even to pay for a conveyance. St. Evremond, knowing the dangers of the roads to Chelsea, writes to her about her courageous walks.

“Old men do not sleep much; when they see you go away at ten at night, they don’t sleep at all. The night passes with extraordinary uneasiness, lest some inconvenience may have befallen you. Not being able, and yet less willing to give me good nights, I beg the favour of you not to give me bad ones—that is that you would be pleased to go away always by daylight, without exposing yourself to robbers, drunken or rude people. In Italy. Mustapha¹ would share your dangers, in England you must

¹ A Turkish boy.

risk all alone. The restoration of the knight with the dismal countenance gives me perfectly new ideas. When I see Dulcinea at the bottom of your letters, it will be quite another thing."

We may conclude from the above that she went to visit him in London, and we find him sending her the following invitation:—

"You will be so kind, if you please, to come at two o'clock to the parlour, whither you did not disdain to come in the Marquis De Crequi's time. There you will find a little space covered with sweet herbs. I think my Lord Ranelagh promised to be there. I formerly had the reputation of knowing good wine and good eating very well; as to fruit," of which she was fond, "I confess my ignorance, and I am too old to learn new knowledge, too happy if I have not forgot that which I have already learned."

St. Evremond often dined with her at Chelsea, but when she went to his "wretched" abode he generally only provided the wine,

while she brought the food, and even her own linen and china. He lent her money—most of which he lost—but he said that he would willingly have given all he possessed to keep her alive.

We are indebted to St. Evremond for most of our information about the Duchess of Mazarin. Unfortunately, he always speaks of her in terms of extravagant admiration, but we learn from him incidentally some of the peculiarities of her character. He says that in fifteen days you might see her in fifteen different head-dresses; that she was fond of scent, but never used it. She showed great tact in conversation—in leading people to subjects that interested them, and never expressing strong opinions. Her house was open, so that her friends could walk over it at all hours. She was never censorious, and was kind to her servants. In a word she was much too kind in every way. She died at Chelsea in 1699, in her fifty-second year.

It is said that her creditors detained her

body, and would not allow her to be buried until her husband paid her debts; and, what is more extraordinary, that he, although separated from her during life had her embalmed and always carried her about with him after her death.

St. Evremond was known as a literary man. He was well acquainted with the Latin classics, and some of his best productions had reference to them. King James offered to make him Secretary to the Cabinet, to carry on his correspondence with foreign Princes, but William III. was so ignorant of his attainments that, when St. Evremond was presented to him, he merely remarked, "I believe you was once a Major-General in the French Army?" He wrote some humorous pieces, one on his being taxed as a bachelor, and one ridiculing the Italian Opera, in which the most ordinary as well as the most serious conversation is carried on in song.

But the greater part of St. Evremond's poetical effusions were in honour of the

divine Hortence, and were of a weak, if not maudlin character. Flights such as the following abound in them—

“ Demandez-vous à quel usage
Hortence aime à porter des fleurs,
C'est pour effacer leurs couleurs
Par celles de son beau visage.”

St. Evremond died in 1703, above ninety years of age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his monument can be seen, surmounted by his bust.

CHAPTER III.

Lord Shaftesbury—Educated by Locke—His Literary Acquirements—Advised to marry—Admires a Lady of Rank—Courtship under Difficulties—Hopes and Fears—Is refused—Marries the Daughter of a Commoner.

ONE of the most remarkable persons connected with Chelsea at the commencement of the eighteenth century was Ashley Cooper, third Lord Shaftesbury. His grandfather, the opponent of Lord Danby, had carried his political violence so far that he was twice committed to the Tower for high treason, and upon being created a peer he was nicknamed, from his frequent change of parties, Lord "Shiftsbury." He was the man to whom Charles said jestingly, in reference to his private life, "I believe, Shaftes-

bury, thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions," and who replied, "May it please your Majesty, of a subject, I believe I am."

We may conclude from this that he was a man of humour, and some fragments that remain show that he had literary tastes. At Oxford he made the acquaintance of Locke, who, although not a physician, gave him valuable medical advice. Lord Ashley (as he was then) was so much pleased with the philosopher that he made him promise to be his guest whenever he came to London, and afterwards introduced him to the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Halifax. Locke was not only a man of learning and thought, but a very pleasant companion, and had a racy quaintness about him. One day, for instance, some distinguished noblemen having met together at Lord Ashley's, after a few compliments they sat down to play cards. Scarcely a word was spoken, and Locke took out his pocket-book and began to make notes. They asked him what he was writing,

to which he replied that he was taking down the conversation which had passed between the celebrated men who formed that party, and would read it to them if they pleased. The proposal was received with much laughter, and they became more communicative and sociable.

Locke was made tutor to Lord Ashley's son, a weakly youth, and was directed to seek a wife for him—no easy task—as she was to be of good family, have an agreeable temper, a fine complexion, good education, and not to resemble court ladies. But he executed his commission satisfactorily, and became tutor to the offspring of this union, Anthony Ashley Cooper, the third Lord Shaftesbury, above mentioned. This nobleman seems to have inherited his grandfather's literary tastes, but not his love of intrigue and political strife. For a short time he took his place in Parliament and acquitted himself so well that he had an offer of being made a Secretary of State. But he was essentially a student and scholar, and longed for retirement; his

delicate constitution also rendering him averse from the labours of political life. Thus, in the year 1699, when he was approaching thirty; he purchased a house at Chelsea of Sir James Smith, and divided his time between it and his paternal country seat at St. Giles' in Dorsetshire. The addition he made to the building was characteristic—a library fifty feet long, with doors, shutters, and window frames of iron. Otherwise his residence at Chelsea was a sort of bachelor's box—not large, but comfortable, ornamental, and having pleasant gardens at the back, in which he took great delight. We find him, on one occasion, giving especial directions for the improvement of his vines. Here he wrote a considerable part of his “Characteristics”—essays somewhat resembling Lord Bacon's, but longer and more discursive. Their names will give some idea of their nature. One was upon the “Freedom of Wit and Humour.” Others are entitled “Enthusiasm,” “Advice to an Author,” “An Enquiry concerning Virtue,” “The Moral-

ists—a Rhapsody,” “The Judgment of Hercules.” He says he is fond of “Patchwork,” “fragments and points of wit tacked in a fantastic form,” “the eye is thus pleasingly drawn aside as it were to commit a kind of debauch, and amused itself in gaudy colours, and disfigured shapes of things.”

This work went through many editions, and gave Lord Shaftesbury a niche in history. The religious views he expresses are far from orthodox—in fact he did not believe in the Divinity of Our Lord; but in his conduct he seems to have been amiable and virtuous. No doubt he had visitors at Chelsea, and some of them the most distinguished men of the day. Faulkner says that Locke stayed at the house, and here wrote part of his “Essay on the Human Understanding,” but, although there is a strong probability that he visited his friend here, we are without direct proof on the point. His essay was published before Lord Shaftesbury came to reside in this neighbourhood, but he may have here revised and enlarged the work for the third

or fourth edition. One occasion upon which he may very probably have been at Chelsea, as Lord Shaftesbury was in town all the spring of 1701—is alluded to in a letter to Sir H. Sloane dated July 14th, 1701.

“I am sorry I came not home early enough to my lodging when you did me the honour to call there, and stay some time in expectation of me. I would willingly have had a little more conversation with you whilst I was in town. My little stay kept me in a perpetual hurry whilst I was there. I hope to make myself reparation by a speedy return thither, and a longer abode there if my lungs will consent, and then I promise myself a fuller enjoyment of your company.”

He may have revisited London, but if so, it was for the last time.

The first letter we have from Lord Shaftesbury at Chelsea gives a pleasing view of the kindliness of his nature. He had paid for the education of a young Mr. Wilkinson, and placed him in Mr. Furley's

counting-house in Rotterdam. He writes as follows :—

“ Chelsea, May 20th, 1700.

“ Wilkinson,

“ I received both thine, and the last with an account of the hardships thou liest under, because of the different hands and different methods of accounts that are taught. These are difficulties which, by the help of God and thy own diligence, thou mayest easily and soon overcome.

“ That which I would chiefly know from thee is—if thou findest the place to be sober, and that thou canst serve God, and hast encouragement and example to do thy duty to Him, and to fit thyself for thy calling and employment in the world.

“ I am sorry there is so much English spoke, for thou wilt learn the French and Dutch so much the slower. But do thou what thou canst to avoid that company which is of least profit to thee, and perhaps may do thee most harm ; for the English that I have known abroad have always

been the most debauched in the place. Pray God keep thee; all here are well, and remember thee kindly. See that thou dost well and deservest their remembrance, and my charity to thee as thy kind friend,

“SHAFTESBURY.”

Some of Lord Shaftesbury's letters show that he had profited by Locke's instructions, though he did not always adopt his theories, and in one place he ably combats the philosopher's notion that right and wrong are not naturally imprinted on the human mind. He speaks in favour of “true Christianity,” and strongly condemns every kind of licentiousness. He wrote some admirable letters from Chelsea in the summer of 1707, to a young candidate for Ordination. But most of his letters from Chelsea refer to something of a more romantic and amusing character.

My lord seems to have been a man of a remarkably placid temperament, and to have been little in danger from the fair sex; in

short, he had made up his mind to live and die a bachelor. But when he was approaching forty years of age, which he seems to have regarded—probably from his infirm health—as a very advanced period of life, his friends began to urge him to change his determination. They made use of many arguments, and, as he says, “thought his family worth preserving.” Their representations were not without producing some effect, and, while he was in this state of deliberation, “chance,” as he writes, “threw into my neighbourhood (at Chelsea) a lady whom I never saw till the Sunday before last, who is in every respect that very person I had formed a picture of in my imagination.” Everything was suitable, except her fortune. She was the daughter of a great nobleman, and Lord Shaftesbury felt he scarcely dared to look so high; he hopes, however, that as his lordship has been disappointed in some more ambitious views for his daughter, he may, perhaps, deign to look as low as on him. He begs

Mr. Molesworth (afterwards Viscount Molesworth) to assist him, through his cousin, with the father. At the same time he does not wish too much pressure to be applied in that quarter, for fear that the young lady might accept him merely from obedience to her parent. As to making his suit to the lady before he obtained the father's consent, that, he says, his moral feelings could not allow. At the same time, he has some uneasiness lest the lady may have approved some of the various offers her father has refused, and may have "something lying at the heart." But he hopes for the best while he laments—"Never was anything so unfortunate for me as that she could be such a fortune." Her meekness, want of wit and knowledge of the fashions of the town, he considers the greatest recommendation. But—here the comic supersedes the pathetic—amid all the doubts and fears of a lover the weather changed, and the east wind, more terrible than the "old lord," brought all the London smoke

over Chelsea, and threatened to suffocate the asthmatic admirer. He fled to Surrey, whence he wrote sadly;—"I keep my health; but (I may well fear) shall lose my mistress."

In another letter he expresses a fear that a great man apparently Charles Montague (Earl of Halifax) was his rival, and he has some delicacy in opposing him, as he believes he is in want of money. But with all this anxiety about his suit, he admits to his friend that his desire is to serve the public, and to be of use to his country.¹ This lies at the root of his wish to marry. If he becomes enriched by an alliance he will only value his wealth as giving him more power to be useful, for he cares little for pleasure and luxury. He loves nothing so well as "tranquillity, a little study, and a few friends."

¹ He writes to Furley from Chelsea in 1708, a month after his meeting the lady, saying that he fears his family will not be continued, "since my only brother refuses to think of marriage."

Molesworth wrote to the father a letter highly laudatory of his character; and now a new apprehension seizes him. He begins to fear that the lady may think his health somewhat unsatisfactory, and he says that nothing could induce him to conceal his state, and that if any quack could set him up for a month or two to go through his courtship, he would not accept the offer.

In his next letter he fears that the lady may like "a younger man and a sprightlier;" he generously avows himself ready to take her without interest or fortune, present or to come. He had the character of being a valetudinarian, and now says that his friends are commending his bodily estate to the lady rather than his mind, which they think ladies care less about. He thinks he shall make a better husband than if he had engaged in politics, for his desire to act honestly to the public might have made him neglectful to his wife. At length the winter is over, and with the returning

zephyrs, my lord comes up to Chelsea to continue his labour of love. But alas! the month of May was not destined to be merry for him. Scarcely had he called and found the "old lord not at home," and resolved to re-double his visits, when the east winds and London smoke and his asthma returned, so to escape being stifled, he had to beat an inglorious retreat. He says that he now felt ashamed either to persevere or desist. In June, however, we find him established at Chelsea, where he invited Molesworth to visit him. He now returned again to the charge—waited on my lord, and found him civil and obliging as ever. But when he came to mention the matter he had at heart, his would be father-in-law appeared uneasy. The rich nobleman visited Lord Shaftesbury at his Chelsea residence, and when he spoke in praise of his "little house and study," the latter delicately observed that "he had built it up in a different

view from what his lordship knew him to have of late: for he had then no thought beyond a single life." It would seem as if this was a second offer he was making, for he was about to say that since he had been refused he could no longer enjoy the place or neighbourhood as formerly. But the old lord was obdurate—although the lover offered to settle all he had on his daughter, and to take her without a farthing. Lord Shaftesbury now says that he thinks he might be excused from further matrimonial enterprises, but, as his friends are still so kindly importunate, he must look for a lady who has character without fortune. He says his friends may dispose of him as they please, and if marriage can be suitable to a man in a "crazy state of health, he is ready to engage in it." If he lives out the summer he will try whether a marriage with "a breeder out of a good family with a right education fit for a mere wife, and with

no advantages but simple innocence and modesty, will be tolerated in the world." He was as good as his word; in the autumn of this year 1709, he married a lady of twenty, a daughter of Mr. Ewer of an old Hertfordshire family. Writing to a friend shortly afterwards, he recorded his experience of matrimony by saying that he "verily thought himself as happy a man as ever."¹

¹ Lord Shaftesbury is so careful to conceal the name of his lady-love that we can only surmise that she was perhaps the daughter and heiress of Lord Carbery, who married, in 1713, the Marquis of Winchester, afterwards Duke of Bolton. If so, his taste was very different from that of her husband, who left her at the church door, and afterwards married "Polly Peachum," the actress. The (third) Lord Carbery above mentioned was, in his youth, one of the Rochester and Sedley set—some said he was worse than Sedley—but he afterwards became more sober, went out as Governor to Jamaica, and made a considerable fortune. Chelsea may have had some attraction for him from its association with his early friends, the Earl of Bristol and Duke of Buckingham. He died in his coach on his road to Chelsea, in the year of his daughter's marriage. The mansion at the west side of the Hospital

Lord Shaftesbury's house was pleasantly situated at the north-west corner of Lord Wharton's Park, close to Lovers' Walk, now Park Walk; twenty years ago the greater part of it was in existence, but the spot is now occupied by St. George's Workhouse in the Fulham Road. All that now remains to mark the site is an aged yew tree, which though dead is still held sacred in the neighbourhood, as it is fondly believed that Locke wrote a part of his Essay in a summer-house under its branches.

was built by him, but came to be called, from its subsequent owners, Gough House, which still exists as the Victoria Hospital for Children. It has recently been raised a storey. Several of the rooms are panelled, but disfigured with green paint. The extensive vaults—wherein Lord Carbery and the Goughs stored their good wine—remain, and so do the old broad stone stairs with their iron railings, forming a grand entrance to the house.

CHAPTER IV.

Mary Astell—Her Views on the Education of Women—
 Proposes to form a Retreat—Reflections on Marriage
 —Her Proposals rejected and ridiculed—Her Exemplary Life.

WE have already observed that Sir Thomas More was one of the earliest advocates for the higher education of women, and Chelsea may claim the honour of having again brought the subject forward at a later period in the person of Mary Astell. She was herself a learned lady of the older pattern, understanding mathematics, logic and philosophy, and being familiar with the writings of Plato, Xenophon, Epictetus, Cicero and Seneca. The decline in female education, during the past hundred and

fifty years, had been considerable, and she looked back with regret to the days of Katherine Parr, Elizabeth, and Jane Grey, if not aspiring to the intellectual Elysium of the ancient philosophers. At the same time, she did not advocate the acquisition of a variety of languages, or the perusal of a large number of books, but rather the careful study of a few well-selected treatises, being more anxious to instruct her pupils in the truth according to the best light of the age than in the refutation of the errors of bygone centuries. In thus recommending concentration upon what was practically useful, she rightly indicated the objects of a sound education.

But how was her excellent advice to be carried out amid the distractions of the world, in a frivolous age when young ladies were surrounded by gay sparks and flatterers, and tempted "to think more of their glasses than of their reflections!" She herself was so frequently interrupted in her studies by the intrusions of gossiping idlers

that it was a joke against her that, when she saw certain people approaching her door, she would throw up her window and call out, "Mrs. Astell is not at home." Such was her anxiety that her sisters might escape from "the vanities and impertinences of the world," and from the contamination of the coarse literature of the times, that she proposed to form a select community, "to make seraphic celibacy popular and honourable among English ladies." With this view she wrote, in 1694, an essay entitled, "A Serious Proposal to the Ladies, for the Advancement of their true and greatest Interest. By a Lover of the Sex." In this, she says that her aim is "to fix beauty and make it lasting, permanent, and secure, and to place it out of the reach of sickness and old age, by transferring it from a corruptible body to an immortal mind." She wishes her pupils to be not only as lovely, but as wise as angels, and asks them how they can be content to be like mere tulips, "to make a fine show and

be good for nothing." They should rise to a high moral and spiritual life, not build upon humour and inclination, which are sandy foundations, nor think that being often on their knees will atone for the shortcomings of their conversation. The College which Mary Astell proposed to found, was to be both a place for temporary study and a retreat in which ladies might permanently reside. It was to be a "paradise without serpents." "Here heiresses may be kept secure from the rude attempts of designing men; and she who has more money than discretion need not curse her stars for being exposed a prey to bold and rapacious vultures." Such an education, she observes, "will, perhaps, save many a girl from being married to some idle fellow, and having to support him and a race of beggarly children."

After reading these sentiments, we are prepared to find that another of Mary Astell's works was "Reflections upon Marriage." Not exactly an advocate

for what are called "Women's Rights," she admitted that none of the softer sex could compete with the ablest men in power of mind, any more than in strength of body. But she spoke of her sisters as being oppressed, could not believe that one half of the community were born to be the servants of the other, and says that the duty a woman owes to a man "is only, by the by, just as it may be any man's business to keep hogs; he was not made for this, but if he hires himself out for the employment, he is bound to perform it conscientiously." Although she is fond of calling wives "female slaves," she advocates entire submission to their husbands. Obedience is to be strongly inculcated in her educational system, and is to be carried so far that, although a wife knows her husband to be a fool, she is to regard him as wise and good, and as, in all respects, the best of men. She who cannot arrive at this, is not fit for matrimony. And although, under these circumstances, marriage may

not be altogether desirable for a woman in this world, it may benefit her in the next ; for, where the husband is unkind, the wife will have more opportunities for the exercise of virtue, will find affliction her sincerest friend, and her living martyrdom will be acceptable to God.

Why, she asks, is there such eagerness to enter the married state? What woman is even taught that she should have a higher design than to get a husband—an acquisition thought so very valuable by both sexes, “that scarce a man that can keep himself clean and make a bow but thinks himself good enough to pretend to any woman.” Men also make their selection injudiciously : “He that does not make friendship the chief inducement in his choice, does not deserve a good wife. To marry for wit or beauty is as bad as for money ; the prolific cause of unhappy unions is that men think first of a lady’s property ; though it is true that many who marry for love alone will repent their rash folly, and become con-

yinced that there was no real kindness in making each other miserable."

Mary Astell tells us that these "reflections" were suggested by the case of the Duchess of Mazarin, who had lived in the same row with her at Chelsea—a lady she considered not to be so much endowed with sense as with wit and beauty. But it has been said that the subject was chiefly brought before her owing to her having been disappointed in an engagement with an eminent Divine.

We are told that "a great lady" very much approved of her scheme for a College, and intended to give ten thousand pounds towards the foundation of such an establishment. Some have supposed that this lady was Queen Anne, but there can be little doubt that the person in question was Lady Elizabeth Hastings, one of Lord Huntingdon's daughters, who was not only a munificent patroness of many charities, but occasionally augmented Mary Astell's narrow income by presents of as much as

eighty pounds at a time. The design was not, however, destined to succeed. Miss Astell had spoken of the institution as "a place of religious retirement, and this idea was to be carried out by daily cathedral services and the observance of the fasts."¹ She was a High Churchwoman, and Bishop Burnet condemned her proposals as savouring of Popery.

A less scrupulous attack was made upon her from another quarter. She had opposed plays, romances, and frivolous works, and said that "a few airy fancies, joined with a great deal of impudence is the right definition of modern wit." Thus she had thrown down the gauntlet and justly concluded that "the beaux and toppingsparks of the town would ridicule her." Her high aspirations became known to Swift, and he could not resist the temptation. He saw that he could raise a good laugh against this promoted old maid, and the "Tatler,"

¹ She wrote: "A fair Way with the Dissenters and their Patrons, not writ by Mr. Lindsay or any other furious Jacobite, whether clergyman or layman, but by a very moderate person and dutiful subject to the Queen."

with which he was connected, wanted light skirmishing articles, aiming shafts at anything either above or below the ordinary level. So he set to work in true Yahoo style, and, after representing a man as in a sad state of perplexity, owing to his having fallen in love with a Platonne, says that a few years ago a clique of ladies of quality gave out "that virginity was to be their state of life during this mortal condition," and joined to establish a nunnery; but before long a party of rakes gained admission to this sacred retreat, and meeting Madonnella (Mary Astell), made themselves so agreeable to her that soon the whole company were walking round the garden hand in hand, the final results being just the opposite of those originally contemplated. This lampoon is marked as having been written by Addison, but he was then in Ireland, and there can be no doubt that it was really the work of the more scurrilous man.

In a later number of the "Tatler," Steele treats Mary Astell with more courtesy, as

“Mrs. Comma, the great scholar,” and in another place represents her as “the forewoman of the jury, a professed Platonist, that had spent much of her time in exhorting the sex to set a just value upon their persons and make the men know themselves.” In the same periodical Congreve speaks in high commendation of the philosophic Aspasia; and Addison, in the “Spectator,” is supposed to allude to Mary Astell as “Leonora.” But the latter described the lady’s library as one where book-cases alternated with ornamental jars and tea-dishes, and piles of pamphlets were surrounded with china lions, monkeys, and scaramouches. He, however, considers her to be more valuable than those of her sex who only employ themselves in fashionable diversions. These sketches would seem rather to refer to some lady of rank, and we know that many were influenced by Mary Astell’s teaching. It was probably through her instrumentality that Lady Catherine Jones, Lady Coventry, Lady Elizabeth Hastings, and others, founded in

1729 a school in Chelsea for the education of poor girls whose fathers were, or had been previously, in the Royal Hospital, and perhaps this early institution may have conduced in some degree to the foundation of the present magnificent Asylum.

Among Mary Astell's works were "An Enquiry after Wit," in which she opposed some of the unorthodox views of her contemporaries, Locke, Lord Shaftesbury, and "the Illustrious Society of Kit-Kats." There can be no doubt but that she exercised a refining influence upon her age, and did more good than those who scorned her. She was by no means ambitious of fame, and always wrote anonymously, which led to her "Reflections" being claimed by "an Ingenious Gentleman;" and her "Christian Religion as professed by a Daughter of the Church" being attributed to Atterbury. Lord Stanhope writes to the Dean, "You have fathered a mighty ingenious pamphlet on one Mrs. Astell, a female friend and witty companion of your wife."

The following letter from Dr. Atterbury to Dr. Smallridge, an old Westminster school-mate, gives an interesting description of this lady.

Friday noon (1706)

“ Dear George,

“ I happened about a fortnight ago to dine with Mrs. Astell : she spoke to me of my sermon and desired me to print it, and after I had given her the proper answer, hinted to me that she would be glad of perusing it.' I complied with her request, and sent her the sermon next day. Yester-night she returned it, with a sheet of her remarks, which I cannot forbear communicating to you, because I take them to be of an extraordinary nature, considering they come from the pen of a woman. Indeed, one would not have imagined a woman had written them. There is not an expression that carries the least air of her sex from the beginning to the end of it. She attacks me very home, you see, and artfully enough, and under pretence of taking my part against other Divines who are in Hoadly's

measures. Had she as much good breeding as good sense, she would be perfect; but she has not the most decent manner of insinuating what she means, but is now and then a little offensive and shocking in her expressions; which I wonder at because a civil turn of words, even where the matter is not pleasing, is what her sex is always mistress of—she I think is wanting in. But her sensible and natural way of writing makes amends for that defect; if indeed anything can make amends for it. I dread to engage her; so I may write a general civil answer to her. I leave the rest to an oral conference. Her way of solving the difficulty about swearing to the Queen is somewhat singular.”

The Dean had probably in view some particular passage in Mary Astell's letter when he spoke of her want of courtesy, for her language in her printed works is far more temperate than that of most of her contemporaries. Between her and the Atterburys there seems to have been a constant inter-

change of hospitalities; but Swift never mentions her during his sojourn at Chelsea—probably after the attack in the “Tatler” she did not wish to receive him. She was accustomed to mix in the fashionable society of the day, but disliked the levity and conceit she found in it, telling the be-wigged beaux of the period, who quoted St. Paul against her, “that the woman was made for the man,” that they would do better to consider that he also said that “if a man wear long hair it is a shame unto him.”

Mary Astell was ascetic in her habits, and, we are told, often, for a considerable time, her daily meals consisted of only a crust of bread and water, and a little small beer. Poverty was, perhaps, sometimes the cause of this meagre diet. But she never complained, and was wont to say that “the good should be always cheerful.” The greater part of her life, from the age of twenty, was spent at Chelsea, where she lived in Paradise Row, and for several years before her death she walked every Sunday,

without regard to the weather, to St. Martin's Church to hear a clergyman whose preaching she admired. When she perceived that her end was approaching, she ordered her shroud and coffin to be made and brought to her bedside, so as to be always in view, that she might be constantly in a state of preparation. Her disease was cancer, and after undergoing operations for it with exemplary fortitude, she died and was buried at Chelsea in 1731, in the 62nd year of her age.

CHAPTER IV.

Addison at Chelsea—His Invitation to young Lord Warwick—China Mania—Commencement of the Chelsea Porcelain Works—Dr. Johnson's Attempts—Beauty and Value of the Productions.

ADDISON succeeded Locke as Commissioner of Appeals. Who shall say that we may not reckon this gifted man among our Chelsea worthies? Faulkner tells us that he wrote several of his "Spectators" at Shaftesbury House, and Macaulay has sketched him here with an artist's pencil; he says:

"Atterbury, Addison's friend, officiated at his funeral; but it was not till three generations had passed that a tablet was placed to his memory. At length his image,

skilfully graven, appeared in Poets' Corner. It represents him as we can conceive him, clad in his dressing-gown, and freed from his wig, stepping from his parlour in Chelsea into his trim little garden with the account of the 'Everlasting Club,' or the 'Loves of Hilpa and Shalun,' just finished for the next 'Spectator' in his hand."

There is a tradition that the contributions to the "Spectator," marked C, were written by Addison at Chelsea; but there is some difficulty in determining his whereabouts in the neighbourhood. We know much less of his places of abode during this period than we do of the taverns where he entertained his jovial friends; gave Pope a headache, and obliged Swift to mix water with his wine. Although as a literary man, and a Whig politician, he doubtless knew, and probably visited Lord Shaftesbury, we find no mention of his staying at his house. If he did write from any nobleman's house at Chelsea, it was, we may suppose, from

that of Lord Wharton, to whom he had been Secretary in Ireland.

Addison's familiarity with Chelsea seems marked by the following suggestion, made by him in "The Tatler," in 1709, when he was contemplating the difficulty newspaper writers would find in providing matter after the termination of the war. "I would humbly move that an Appendix of proper apartments furnished with pen, ink, and paper, and other necessities of life, should be added to the Hospital of Chelsea, for the relief of such decayed newspaper writers as have served their country in the wars; and that for their exercise they should compile the annals of their brother veterans who have been engaged in the same service, and are still obliged to do duty after the same manner."

But we can as little assert that Addison lived in Chelsea as we can doubt that he was acquainted with every part of it, and that he loved as well to wander by the river and water-lilies here as he did beside

the Cherwell at Oxford. There stood, upon a stream which divided Fulham from Chelsea, a house to which we know Addison did retire. It was a place of old renown, where report says a royal mistress had lived, and that walnut trees had grown umbrageous, planted by a monarch's hands.

There are two letters, written from hence, by Addison to little Lord Warwick, then ten years of age, so beautiful and characteristic that I feel I shall be pardoned for reproducing them. They were written in May, 1708—two years after Addison's appointment as Secretary of State :

“ My dear Lord,

“ I have employed the whole neighbourhood in looking after birds' nests, and not altogether without success. This morning I have news brought to me of a nest that has abundance of little eggs, streaked with red and blue veins, that, by the description they give me, must make a very beautiful figure on a string. My neigh-

bours are very much divided in their opinions on them. Some say they are skylarks; others will have them to be canary-birds. But I am much mistaken in the turn and colour of the eggs if they are not full of tom-tits. If your Lordship does not make haste, I am afraid they will be birds before you see them, for if the account they give me of them be true, they can't have above two days to reckon.

“ Since I am so near your Lordship, methinks, after having passed the day among the more severe studies, you may often take a trip hither, and relax yourself with these little curiosities of Nature. I assure you no less a man than Cicero commends the two great friends of his age, Scipio and Lælius, for entertaining themselves at their country-houses, which stood on the sea-shore, with picking up cockle-shells, and looking after birds'-nests. For which reason I shall conclude this barren letter with a saying of the same author, in his ‘ Treatise on Friendship,’ ‘ Absint autem Tristitia’ . . .

i.e. ‘Far be stateliness and severity from us. There is, indeed, a gravity in these; but friendship ought to be gentle and relaxed, condescending to the utmost sweetness and easiness of manners.’ If your Lordship understand the sweetness of these words, you may assure yourself you are no ordinary Latinist; but if they have force enough to bring you to Sandy End,¹ I shall be very much pleased.’

“I am, my dear Lord, your Lordship’s most affectionate and most humble servant,

“J. ADDISON.

“May 20th, 1708.”

A week later, he wrote from the same place.

¹ Some have suggested that the name Sands End was derived from the Sandys family, but any one who marks the sandy nature of the soil here, and the gravel separated by the rivulet, will form a different opinion. This creek, which separated Chelsea from Fulham, can still be traced for a short distance, and we can see the barges gliding deep beside the long grass, as in the days of Addison.

“ My dearest Lord,

“ I can’t forbear being troublesome to your Lordship whilst I am in your neighbourhood. The business of this is to invite you to a Concert of Music, which I have found out in a neighbouring wood. It begins precisely at six in the evening, and consists of a black-bird, a thrush, a robin-red-breast, and a bullfinch. There is a lark that, by way of overture, sings and mounts till she is almost out of hearing ; and afterwards falls down leisurely, drops to the ground, as soon as she has ended her song ; the whole is concluded by a nightingale, that has a much better voice than Mrs. Tofts, and something of Italian manners in her divisions. If your lordship will honour me with your company, I will promise to entertain you with much better music and more agreeable scenes than you ever met with at the Opera ; and will conclude with a charming description of a Nightingale out of our friend Virgil :—

“ So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone.

Whose nest some prying churl has found, and thence
By stealth convey'd th' unfeathered innocents ;
But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains."—*Dryden*.

Your lordship's most obedient

J. ADDISON.

" May 27th, 1807."

Was not Sandford Manor House, in Fulham, the "Chelsea" retreat from which he wrote? Swift says, in 1710, that he frequently dines and sups with him at a country house *near* Chelsea, where Mr. Addison often retires,—showing that Chelsea was the principal place in the vicinity. Later on he was lodging at Kensington near Swift.

Steele had a small house at Chelsea, better suited to his means than his tastes, in 1714, and perhaps earlier, for he seems to have previously been familiar with the place. He probably, like others, made this a summer resort, and it was in 1716 that he brought a friend to dine here, and told his wife that he could not return to her that night, owing to the lateness of the hour and the insecurity

of the road. Addison may have visited him here, but we can scarcely suppose that he wrote any of his Spectators in the house of his friend.¹

Sandford House still exists, and is occupied by the Inspector of the Gas Works. It stands back in a little garden, and is half hidden in trees and shrubs, as it probably was when Addison searched for birds' nests for my Lord Warwick. By the front wall rose the four walnut trees,² the last of which has lately decayed and been removed, and instead of affording shade and fruit, now only remains in three or four walking-sticks. The building, of moderate size, seems to be weighed down with the burden of years, and its lines are no longer firm and regular. The

¹ Perhaps he wrote some of his "Spectators" from Kensington Square. He had Mr. Wortley lodging with him there—the grandson of Lord Sandwich, and husband of Lady Mary W. Montagu.

² It has been said, on doubtful authority, that Nell Gwynne lived here, and that some of the trees were planted by Charles II.

windows, of which there are five on the first floor, are set in projecting brickwork; the roof is tall and surmounted by two clusters of quaint angular chimneys. The hall is square and panelled, and the wooden staircase and balustrade, the posts of which support large balls, has three flights to each floor, extending round and round up to the garrets. This handsome piece of woodwork is now so thickly covered with paint that the grain cannot be distinguished.

In corroboration of the statement that this was the place called by Addison "Chelsea," we may observe that not only was Chelsea the principal village in the neighbourhood, but that it would appear as though the inhabitants of this house still considered themselves to be in this parish. In speaking to the present tenant, Mr. Macbean, he said that his was one of the oldest houses in Chelsea, though he afterwards admitted that he was about fifty yards within the parish of Fulham.

In the tenth number of the "Lover," published March 18, 1714, Addison treats on

the absurdity of filling the best rooms of the houses of ladies of fashion with china. He says some people gave old clothes for them, that he could remember when the largest article of china was a coffee cup, but that it has now swelled to vases as large as "half a hogshead." Gay also made sport of the ladies' fancy in the following lines:—

"What ecstasies her bosom fire !
How her eyes languish with desire !
How blessed, how happy should I be,
Were that fond glance bestowed on me !
New doubts and fears within me war,
What rival's here? A China jar !
China's the passion of her soul,
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,
Can kindle wishes in her breast,
Inflame with joy, or break her rest."

No doubt the principal allusion in the above is to Chinese and Dresden ornaments¹—the manufacture came originally from the East—but as Addison and Gay were both

¹ Though Martin Lister mentions a manufactory at Chelsea in 1698.

familiar with Chelsea, it is probable that they also heard much about the China works in their own neighbourhood. At this time translucent porcelain was being manufactured at Fulham, for the first time in England by John Dwight, brother of the vicar of the parish. He was an educated man, having studied at Christ Church, Oxford, and brought his art to great excellence in the production of vessels and figures. Next in date came the works at Bow, under the management of Thomas Frye, an artist of considerable talent; and the third establishment was at Chelsea, commencing in 1745, fifteen years after that at Bow. The last-mentioned was patronized and partly owned by the Duke of Cumberland, and was first carried on mainly by men from Burslem, in Staffordshire, and perhaps by Venetians—the porcelain being similar to that of Venice, and like it bearing the mark of an anchor. The following account was given by a Mr. Mason, who was employed here.

“I think the Chelsea China manufactory began about 1748 or 1749. I went to work about the year 1751. It was first carried on by the Duke of Cumberland, and Sir Everard Fawkener, and the sole management was entrusted to a foreigner of the name of Sprimont—report says at a salary of a guinea a day, with certain allowance for apprentices, and other emolument. I think Sir Everard died about 1755, much reduced in circumstances, when Mr. Sprimont became sole proprietor, and having amassed a fortune, he travelled about England, and the manufactory was shut up about two years, for he neither would let nor carry it on himself. I then went to work at Bow for a short time, which was carried on by a firm, but I don't recollect their names. I went to work again at Chelsea for Mr. Sprimont, after being absent two or three years, where I stopped till I engaged with Mr. Duesbury to go to Derby, which was about the year 1763.”¹

Although Addison and Gay did not much

¹ Chaffers' "*Marks and Monograms.*"

appreciate China, Johnson was so far from despising it that he tried to manufacture some himself. We might suppose that he would be too rough and elephantine for such light fancy work; and such was the case. It would have been worth something to have beheld the solemn doctor, accompanied by his housekeeper with a basket of provisions, trudging up Laurence Street to the manufactory—to have watched him embodying his choicest conceptions in soft clay, and carefully placing them in the oven, and then to have seen his look of dismay when his works invariably came out cracked in several pieces. He thought that one substance was sufficient, whereas the artificers who took care not to admit him into the *mixing* room, used sixteen materials. But it was some time before he could be convinced, and he was accustomed to go twice a week, and spend the day in this unprofitable employment.¹

¹ In the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1854 was a Chelsea teapot which had belonged to Dr. Johnson.

The ovens were situated, and the Chelsea Works were carried on in Laurence Street, just above the corner of Justice Walk¹ (a small street between Church Street and Laurence Street), and several of the large old houses were used as show rooms. On the other hand in "Nollekens and his Times," we are told, no doubt, erroneously, that they were upon the site afterwards occupied by Lord Dartrey's house (*i.e.*, Cremorne House), just beyond the bridge. As many as a hundred persons were employed, and the proceeds of sales in the winter sometimes amounted to three thousand five hundred pounds.

The manufactory was put up to auction in 1764, but without success. Francis Thomas, then Manager, died soon after, and his monumental slab lies on the floor of Chelsea Church. Meanwhile the business was purchased by Mr. W. Duesbury of Derby, who soon transferred it to that town. The buildings were pulled down in 1784; their

¹ Formerly adorned with an avenue of lime trees.

best days were between 1750 and 1765. Horace Walpole said he had seen a set of this china worth one thousand two hundred pounds, about to be presented by the King and Queen to the Duke of Mecklenburg. Watkins, in his *Life of Queen Charlotte*, speaks of her having had services of Chelsea china, and mentions this one as a "*complete service of Chelsea china*, rich and beautiful, in fancy beyond expression; I really never saw any Dresden porcelain near so fine."

Some of the Chelsea works of art were almost, if not quite, equal to those of Sèvres; which the vases in gros bleu, crimson, turquoise, and apple-green were made to imitate.¹ I remember having seen a rare little coffee cup and saucer of dark lapis lazuli blue with gilding and flowers, which was made a present by George II.

It would be impossible to give any exhaustive account of the beauty and variety of this

¹ These were the latest Chelsea productions, between 1760 and 1765, when those of Sèvres had become celebrated.

manufacture, but they give us a high opinion of the talent of those employed. The gold is very thick and delicately pencilled—indeed the rich gilding on old china seems to be a lost art. A thick glaze as clear as glass on the draperies, or between the handles, is also a characteristic. The figures are admirably modelled, and always in graceful attitudes, with sometimes that slight approach to affectation which is not displeasing in ornamental works. The faces are exquisitely fine in feature and tender in colouring, while the flowers are lightly painted on a white ground, giving a favourable impression of the artistic taste and floral wealth of the period. Microscopic minuteness is exhibited in some admirably finished pairs of courtiers and maskers, scarcely an inch in height, fancifully posed, and forming scent-bottles. We may find a large round “plateau” with a border of wild animals, and a centre of flowers and insects, or occasionally the fertility of the artist’s invention leads him a little beyond nature, and takes him into the regions of

nondescript animals. Sometimes he selects for illustration one of the fables of *Æsop* or *Gay*. Sometimes the covers of dishes were the counterparts of the good things under them, and represented boars' heads, ducks, cauliflowers, &c. But the most interesting works that remain are the portraits of contemporary persons. Among them I may mention a bust of *George II.*,¹ in white china, which gives him a most benign, if not amorous expression, and may be taken as a faithful representation of the monarch "who wrote the best love-letters in the world." The features of many noted statesmen, actors, &c., have been perpetuated in this china.

The value of the specimens is, at present, large, on account of their age and scarcity, varying also according to the excellence of the work.

At Lord Lonsdale's sale, in March 1879, a fine old Chelsea tea-service painted with exotic birds, and a deep blue band, brought

¹ Modelled by *Risbrach*, and belonging to *Mr. Edkins*.

nearly nine hundred pounds,—the milk-jug alone selling for seventy-one pounds eight shillings, about five times its weight in gold ; while the cups and saucers varied from forty to sixty pounds a pair. A square-shaped vase, nearly two feet high, with a ground of a deep lapis lazuli blue, four large medallions of Chinese figures and eight smaller ones of exotic birds in colours, with richly gilt borders, brought five hundred and sixty-six pounds. At the sale of the effects of Charles Dickens (not the author) three vases, not a foot in height, brought one thousand three hundred pounds.

The Chesterfield vase and the Foundling vase are the two most valuable specimens of Chelsea porcelain now remaining. They are two feet high, with *rococo* handles, and are painted with classical or pastoral subjects on white medallions. The first has been sold to Lord Dudley for two thousand pounds, and the second, after standing for a hundred years in the Foundling Hospital, has also

been transferred into the collection of that wealthy nobleman.

Betew, in "Nollekens and his Times," is made to give a strange reason for the cessation of these works :—

"Ay, that was a curious failure; the cunning rogues produced very white and delicate ware, but then they had their clay from China; which, when the Chinese found out, they would not let the Captains have any more clay for ballast, and the consequence was, the concern failed."

CHAPTER V.

Walpole's House and Gardens—His Sister's Flight—He becomes Paymaster-General—His Influence with Queen Caroline—Lord Hervey's Occupation—Immorality and Profanity of the Minister—Dangers of the Road to Chelsea—Walpole's Visitors—Pope—Hoadly—Winchester House—The Swan Inn.

SEPARATED by a few yards from the western wing of the Hospital stands a red-brick building surrounded by a garden. If we walk round it outside, we shall find that the lower portion is old, but the first floor is a later addition. This is the Infirmary, and, if we enter, we shall meet many a gaunt emaciated figure wandering along its corridors. Proceeding onwards, we shall come to a spacious room, thirty-three feet by twenty-four, and thirteen feet in height,

with a splendid white marble mantel-piece, and Greek mouldings on the transverse beams of the ceiling. Everything speaks of former grandeur, and rightly, for this was the drawing-room of a mansion of old renown, in which the great Sir Robert Walpole received his guests. We may even say that from it he eventually took his title, for it had previously been the residence of Russell, Lord Orford.¹ Walpole seems to have employed Vanbrugh² in improving his house in 1725, and to have been particular, for there is a letter to him on the subject from the dramatist-architect concluding with the words: "You shall know the bottom of it at last, or the devil shall be in it." We may regard this house as a

¹ The hero of La Hogue. Perhaps he may have been long familiar with Chelsea, and it was after this battle that William and Mary founded Greenwich upon the plan of Chelsea Hospital.

² Vanbrugh was a friend of Walpole's. Sarah Jennings, to vex him, employed Wren to build Marlborough House, and Walpole bought the ground in front of it, so as to block it up towards Pall Mall.

central mark in the history of Chelsea, and this room as representative of the bygone magnificence of the neighbourhood. Sir Robert was fond of pictures, and upon these walls hung the choicest specimens of the old Italian masters. Although he had an official residence in Whitehall,¹ and a country-seat in Norfolk, this was frequently his residence after 1723, during the zenith of his power. Here were lovely gardens, conservatories full of exotics, a summer-house, and a grotto—such was the taste of the day. A garden was, at that time, considered incomplete without one of these artificial caverns adorned with curious stones and mirrors, and bedizened with coloured glass. Pope had one, so had Queen Caroline, and Lady Walpole could not be left behind in the competition. We read of her receiving shells for it from Guernsey, Jersey, Sark, and Alderney—

¹ At the commencement and termination of his career, he had a house in the Ministerial street, *i.e.*, Arlington Street.

“ Whilst patriots murmur at the weight
Of taxes that support the State ;
See how the isles obeisance pay
To W-lp-e’s most auspicious sway !
Each little isle with generous zeal
Sends grateful every precious shell ;
Shells in which Venus and her train
Of nymphs ride stately o’er the main.
(The rarities in South Sea found,
In these thrice happy isles abound,)
To make the W-lp-e grotto fine,
And rival grotto Caroline.”

The poem terminates with reflections upon the dangerous luxury of the times.¹

The first acquaintance Walpole seems to have had with Chelsea magnates was not of an agreeable character. His only sister lived with him, and Mrs. Walpole, who was one of the Shorters, had a very jealous and irritable temper.² “Dolly,” disappointed in love, as her suitor’s relations thought

¹ See “Gentleman’s Magazine” for 1734, on “Presents of Shells for Lady W-lp-e’s grotto at Chelsea.”

² She is said to have been an empty, coquettish, affected woman, and very extravagant.

her too poor, fell under the influence of Lady Wharton, with whose husband Walpole had some political connection.¹ This lady, a daughter of Lord Lisburn, was a poetess, and mother of the gifted and profligate Duke of Wharton. No doubt she was very fascinating to a young girl, and especially to one in Dolly's desolate position, although she was anything but a desirable companion for her. Swift says that Lady Wharton spent her Sundays in gambling, and that her Lord "bore her gallantries with the indifference of a Stoic." She was also fond of display. On one occasion, he writes, "I saw Lady Wharton, as ugly as the devil, coming out of the crowd all in an undress." Of Lord Wharton he says

¹ We find Lord Wharton visiting him when he was confined in the Tower in 1712 for favouring Robert Mann in a contract. A popular ballad was composed, referring to this imprisonment, by Eastcourt, the player, called "The Jewell in the Tower," which we are told Lady Walpole, who had "a pleasing voice, used to sing with great spirit and effect."

“that he is without the sense of shame or glory, as some men are without the sense of smelling,” that “his behaviour is like that of a young man of five and twenty, and though he has some years passed his grand climacteric, he shows no traces of age in body or mind, in spite of such vices as usually wear out both.” After making allowances for Swift’s malevolence, we must suppose that Lord Wharton led an irregular life, and Lady Wortley Montagu calls him “the most profligate, impious, and shameless of men.” It was to such people as these that simple Dolly Walpole fled for protection from her jealous sister-in-law. Lord Wharton had now returned from Ireland, and, as we have seen, had a handsome house, garden, and park at Chelsea. It is possible that this pleasant residence may have had some attractions for the girl, but, at any rate, she took advantage of an occasion when her brother was out of town, and left her home for Lord Wharton’s. We may imagine the constern-

ation of Walpole when he heard, upon his return, of his sister's departure to the house of the romantic lady and the juvenile septuagenarian. He rushed off to Lord Wharton's, thundered at the door, demanded admittance, and called Dolly loudly by name. His Lordship, feeling unwilling to meet so stalwart a man in such a temper, ignominiously slipped out at the back door, and left his better half to fight the battle. Walpole, who was accustomed to plain speaking, told Lady Wharton a few home truths, and carried off his sister to Norfolk.

Like many other great men, Walpole owed much to women's influence. This sister afterwards married Lord Townshend, who fell completely under her power, and it was through his interest that her brother was made Paymaster-General in 1714; and thus, being placed on the Board of the Hospital, commenced his connection with Chelsea.

During George the First's reign, Walpole

“governed the kingdom with bad Latin ;” the King did not understand English, nor the Minister French, so they were obliged to communicate in a dead language. Walpole stands out as a conspicuous figure on the canvas of history. He was large in person, large in views, large in influence. He held for more than twenty years almost autocratic sway over this country, for George I. cared little for England, preferring even Turks to Englishmen ; and George II. was governed by his Queen.

One of the most remarkable days in Walpole’s career, was the 14th of June, 1727, when an express messenger arrived from Lord Townshend to him at Chelsea with the intelligence that George I. was lying dead in the Bishop of Osnaburgh’s Westphalian Palace. It was three o’clock, and Walpole was at dinner, but on hearing such momentous news, he immediately posted off to Richmond to bear the tidings in person to the new King. Horace Walpole says, “he killed two horses under him”

on the road ; but although he was no light weight, either the horses must have been sorry animals, or this was Horace's way of representing headlong speed.

George II., when Prince of Wales, had said that Walpole was "a rogue and a rascal," and Walpole had returned the compliment, by calling Caroline "a fat b——;" but, on the death of George I., the Minister made a *sterling* offer, and the Queen forgave his reference to her rotundity, and continued him in power. During the remainder of her life he ruled the King through her ; much of the business of the realm was transacted at Chelsea, and it was thought remarkably convenient that State documents should only have to travel from Chelsea to Kensington Palace.

How many scenes connected with great names does this room bring before us ! We fancy that we can see the statesman reclining in his chair reading "Gulliver's Travels," enjoying, perhaps, their grossness, and tracing, with a keen eye, Swift's re-

sentment against him in the character of Flimnap, the Treasurer, whose superiority consisted in his being able "to cut a caper on the straight rope an inch higher than any other Lord."¹ Or we can see him turning over with even less satisfaction the leaves of the new popular Beggar's Opera, "by one Gay, a poet," in which he, with his wife and mistress, figures as Macheath, the highwayman, who sings between Lucy and Polly,

"How happy could I be with either!"

Such were the penalties paid by the man who had been, as he said, "plagued with the thorns and glutted with the fruits of power."

Gay had been secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth, and having been refused a place had thus revenged himself. Swift one day, when entertained with his friends

¹ Gulliver says that Flimnap looked sourly on him, and that some reports had been spread that Flimnap's wife was in love with him—a hit at Lady Walpole.

by Walpole, at Chelsea, had tried to intercede for Gay, by saying, after dinner, that "princes and great statesmen, if they heard an ill thing of a private person who expected some favour, although they were afterwards convinced that the person was innocent, yet they would never be reconciled." But he missed his mark, for his host thought he was speaking on his own behalf.

Walpole, when First Minister, was not accustomed to call meetings of the whole Cabinet, or to give Cabinet dinners, but, when any important matter had to be discussed, would invite two or three to dine with him. No doubt some of these select little dinners took place at Chelsea, especially in summer, for in winter, owing to the state of the roads, it seemed farther from town than it appears at present. Lord King, who was made Chancellor by Walpole, enters in his Diary under date September, 1729, "Went to Court, from thence to Sir R. Walpole's in his chariot, and dined

with him and his lady only." Walpole spoke of their relations with foreign countries, and said that the Queen had obtained a letter from the King in Hanover, saying he would trust his throne and kingdom entirely to her, and ordered that not only the whole Fleet, but also the Plenipotentiaries at Paris, should receive immediate orders from her. He also said that the King wrote her long letters of two or three sheets, being generally an account of all his actions, and particularly of his amours with women he admired, &c. . . . and that the Queen returned as long letters, approving of his amours, not scrupling to say that she was but one woman, and an old woman, and that he might love more and younger women, and adding observations of a still more indelicate nature.

Lord King, who was a man of a highly moral character, with a tendency towards Dissent, would be much edified by this information.

In the opinion of Lord Campbell, Walpole

must have imparted these confidences "over his wine," and we hope that such was the case, as they were not only in bad taste, but slightly disingenuous. We have no doubt that the Queen wrote submissively, but, in adopting this course, she was following the advice of Walpole himself.

The interviews which took place between the Queen and Prime Minister, in this house, were in their character unique in history. Lady Suffolk,¹ the friend of Pope, Gay, and Swift, had become old and deaf, and the King, when in Hanover in 1735, found a most attractive substitute for her. Of this good success he duly wrote to inform his spouse, giving details of the growth and development of his passion, minutely describing the charms of Madame Walmoden, and not omitting to

¹ Mrs. Howard. Cheselden, the celebrated surgeon and the friend of Pope, fell out of favour at Court by neglecting to perform an operation on the ear of a deaf man, who had been saved from the gallows in hopes that some means might thus be discovered of curing her deafness. He was afterwards Head Surgeon to Chelsea Hospital.

mention the presents he had made her, and the small sum for which he had obtained her affections. The King sent letters of sixty pages on this interesting subject. "I know," he says, "that you will love the Walmoden, because she loves me." Caroline came to lay before Walpole these communications, by which she was deeply wounded, though she was perhaps chiefly pained at the King placing himself in a discreditable position, for she regarded him as a sovereign rather than a husband. George was very glad she should consult "*le gros homme*," whose worldly wisdom he appreciated. Walpole received the epistles from her graceful little hands and read and looked grave, and gave her diplomatic counsel. He reminded the Queen that her charms were fading, and if she wished to retain her power, and to support the King and the country, she must realise facts, and not yield to feelings. He pressed her with every argument to be forgiving and compliant, until, as she listened, the tears stood in her bright blue eyes, and at last her

queenly dignity yielded, and she wept.¹ She recovered—her voice again became clear and sweet—she would do as he wished ; and the result was more of those letters, which have scandalized posterity.

The Archbishop of York congratulated the Queen upon the course she had adopted. Considering the nature of Walpole's recommendations, it is instructive to find that, when Addison was in favour of limiting the number of peers, Walpole opposed the measure, for fear the virtues of statesmen should go unrewarded !

Walpole's intercourse with the Queen must have been carried on under some disadvantages, as she spoke a mixture of French and English. No doubt she was often at Chelsea, for she was so fond of paying visits that George II. complained of the expense

¹ In the Governor's state-room at Chelsea there is a beautiful picture of this fair-haired Queen by Enoch Seeman. The corresponding portrait of the King makes him *débonnaire*, with a certain amount of boyishness and levity in appearance.

thus incurred in fees to servants. Upon one occasion, we hear of Lady Walpole providing a banquet for her in the Summer house, at Chelsea, in which she hung the splendid pictures from the house.¹ This was when the King was away in Hanover, in 1735 or 1736, when the Queen and Walpole were in frequent consultation together about the King's love affairs and the Government of the country. The palace at Kensington and the house at Chelsea were now, especially, in most convenient proximity. The cabinet was obsequious, and Walpole was practically King.

There was a confidant, who became well known to posterity, constantly passing to and fro between these residences, bearing messages, consulting schemes, and carefully noting every transaction whether political or domestic. We owe him a great debt of gratitude for the information he has left us about these times. John Lord Hervey was

¹ Walpole's pictures were valued at his death at forty thousand pounds—a large sum in those days.

the son of an Earl of Bristol, but not of the same family with that Earl Digby of whom we have spoken. A sort of "tame cat" in the palace, he was so much with the Queen that she used to say, "It is well I am so old, or I should be talked of for this creature." He was a valetudinarian, and his father attributed his infirmity to the use of "that detestable and poisonous plant—tea." The story went that he lived on a little ass's milk and a biscuit, and allowed himself an apple once a week. Pope speaks of him in his *Epistle to Arbuthnot* :—

"What ! that thing of silk,
Sporus ! that mere white curd of ass's milk ;"

and, alluding to his love of rouge and scent, calls him—

"This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings."

Pope seems to have quarrelled with him about Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Lord Hervey was devoted to Walpole, and of great assistance to him, but he seems to have been eventually a disappointed man, as the mi-

nister was unwilling to remove him from his useful place—the Queen’s side. He was a great friend of Sir Stephen Fox’s sons, the eldest of whom was his second in the duel he fought with Pulteney. Lord Hervey afterwards obtained for him, through Walpole, the barony of Ilchester.

It is impossible to speak well of Walpole’s moral or religious character. We read that upon one occasion the Queen was much alarmed at an unusual depression she observed in his manner. She feared he was disconcerted about the Marlborough Election, but was re-assured on hearing from Lord Hervey that his distress of mind was only caused by the illness of his mistress. Miss Skerrit was of gentle birth, and is said to have been a maid-of-honour. Lady Mary calls her “Dear Molly Skerrit.” She lived in Richmond Park, of which Walpole’s son, but really the Minister himself, was Ranger, and he was accustomed to stay with her there from Saturday till Monday. He seems to have been very regular in these visits, and,

at the time when George II. was supposed to be crossing the Channel in a gale, the Queen was somewhat displeased with him for not remaining near the palace, but betaking him to what Lord Harvey calls "*the bower of bliss.*" When Walpole brought upon himself the indignation of the populace by proposing an excise upon wine and tobacco, and an attempt was made to trample on and strangle him, they not only burnt him with a "fat woman" (*i.e.*, the Queen) in effigy, but dragged from her coach a lady whom they at first mistook for Miss Skerrit.

The Minister was certainly not fortunate in his wedded life. His wife, who was a daughter of a Lord Mayor, was vain and flirtish. He was wont to say that "he went his way, and let Madam go hers,"—a statement which was perhaps nearer the truth than he imagined. Horace Walpole, who was born eleven years after her other children, was not at all like Sir Robert, but in many ways resembled the profligate brother of the Lord Herveÿ. Lady Walpole was also ex-

travagant, and increased her husband's¹ load of debt. She died in this house in 1737, and Walpole married Miss Skerrit a few months later. One of the best satirical skits of the day against Walpole, published in 1738, just after the death of his second wife, was called "The Rival Wives, or the Greeting of Clarissa to Skirra in the Elysian Shade."

Caroline promoted Berkeley for his work against scepticism, but in religion she was not much superior to Walpole and Hervey. When the Queen was dying, many Christian persons were anxious that she should receive the sacrament. Walpole, when asked his opinion on the subject, made a very characteristic and profane reply to the Princess Emily:—

"Pray, Madam, let this farce be played: the Archbishop will act it very well. You may bid him be as short as you will. It will do the Queen no hurt, no more than any good; and it will satisfy all the wise and

¹ He died forty thousand pounds in debt.

good fools, who will call us all Atheists if we don't pretend to be as great fools as they are."

Walpole was a man well adapted to succeed in the world, for he had a great memory, an excellent head for business, and was pre-eminently diplomatic and prudent. When all the simpletons in the country were rushing wildly into the South Sea speculation, expecting to reap endless treasures from Mexico and Peru—and the projectors, supported by Lord Sunderland,¹ were securing

¹ This well-known Whig Minister, who opposed Walpole, was the son of the second Earl, by the daughter of Lord Bristol. The wife of this third Earl was the daughter of the celebrated Sarah Jennings, first Duchess of Marlborough. She resembled her mother in her political ambition and great beauty, especially in her profusion of lovely hair. It is said that she wilily chose the time she was combing it out for receiving those whose votes or interest she desired. We do not read of her inheriting the temper of her mother, who one day, in a passion, cut off her fair tresses, and presented them to her husband out of spite.

their profits and bribing the Duchess of Kendal—Walpole stood firm and was eventually selected to bring the guilty to account, and rescue the country from financial ruin.¹ There was something in Walpole's appearance that gave a sense of security. That heavy Georgian countenance—so smooth and round and double-chinned, that long white hair parted in the centre, did not bespeak a thoughtless or impulsive nature. Repose and placidity were his leading characteristics; few things could ruffle or disturb him. Even the demands of the bishops scarcely irritated him; at one time, when he was staying with Molly Skerrit, he wrote a sharp rejoinder, kept it for two days, read it over again, and threw it into the fire. No one was more forgiving. But withal he was a coarse man, his jests were broad, his

¹ Pope invested in it, and also Gay. Even some of Lord Ranelagh's bequest to Chelsea Hospital was put into the speculation. At one time the one hundred and thirty pounds shares were selling for one thousand pounds each. The originators made thirteen millions.

laugh was loud, and his accent decidedly Norfolk. He had so little good breeding that we read of his having on one occasion familiarly tapped the Queen upon the shoulder.

Lady Walpole's grotto has, we need scarcely say, disappeared. The summer-house in which she entertained Queen Caroline was taken down in 1795, but that called the octagon also, built by Walpole, was only removed lately, when the Chelsea embankment was being constructed. It was of brick, surmounted by a large gilt pineapple of lead, was entered by stone steps through a portico, and had windows round it in front, overlooking the river, close to which it stood.¹

We must therefore leave the garden and return to the grand old drawing-room, if we wish to call back the memories of the past. There we might any day have seen little Horace Walpole playing with Miss Chudleigh, who became the well-known Countess of

¹ In the garden of Lady Mary Gordon.

Bristol or Duchess of Kingston.¹ She was a proud imperious child, inheriting something of her mother's courage and daring. A story is related of the latter, which is interesting as showing the character of the lady and the insecurity of locomotion in the neighbourhood. Colonel Chudleigh was deputy-governor of the Hospital, and one night his wife, returning late to Chelsea from a party in London, had fallen asleep in her carriage, when she was suddenly awakened by three footpads—one of whom held a pistol to her breast. Starting up, she coolly put her head out of the window, and cried "Fire," which the patrol did, and shot the highwayman.²

But we may see more distinguished persons here. Standing before the hall door

¹ Convicted of bigamy. She first married the son of the above-mentioned Lord Hervey, and then the Duke of Kingston.

² Sir Horace Mann, Horace Walpole's correspondent, was the son of Robert Mann, who was Deputy-Treasurer of Chelsea Hospital; there is now no treasurer.

is the "nutshell" in which Pope has driven from "Twittenam," and among the ladies we find the "little crooked figure that asks questions" amusing the company with clever repartees, which a spice of bitterness does not make less acceptable. He scarcely remained on good terms with any of his friends. But he generally panegyricized Walpole, who in turn presented the "Dunciad" to the King and Queen, and we cannot doubt that the "ladies' plaything" was in high favour at Chelsea. In his visits to this neighbourhood he seems to have especially noticed the gateway of Beaufort House, built by Inigo Jones, for when, on the demolition of that mansion, it was removed to Chiswick by the Earl of Burlington, he wrote upon it

Passenger.

"O, gate, how com'st thou here?

Gate.

"I was brought from Chelsea last year,
Battered with wind and weather,
Inigo Jones put me together ;

Sir Hans Sloane

Let me alone,

Burlington brought me hither."

Visits of a more important character were paid to Walpole's house at Chelsea by a portly lame ecclesiastic, whom the Minister saw limping up to him oftener than he desired. This was Bishop Hoadly, who could not be treated with disrespect, for he had great influence with the Dissenters and Low Churchmen, and was able to be of great use to the Government. He was not, however, inclined to give his services for nothing, and the pressure he employed was as distasteful to the King, Queen, and Ministers as it was profitable to the Prelate. Hoadly was translated from Bangor to Hereford, and thence to Salisbury. The Queen sent for him when the question of the Test Act was brought forward, and represented to him the danger to which the Whig Government was exposed. Hoadly promised to divert the Dissenters from pressing the point; but by this course he lost

some of his influence with them. He had now several interviews with Walpole, and was much aggrieved when he found he had been outwitted by him, and that his claims to higher preferment were likely to be ignored. The Bishopric of Durham had been bestowed elsewhere. Hoadly now became more obsequious to the Minister with a view to further his interests. Thus, in 1737, Walpole wrote to Lord Hervey :

“ You know I have not ever disguised to you my being dissatisfied with your friend, nor do I now say it to flatter you, that, upon my word, it was impossible for any man to behave better than he did to me at Chelsea ; and you will find by the King and Queen that I have done him ample justice there, though I need not tell you that neither I nor you can ever make them love him.”

Lord Hervey, on hearing Bishop Willis was dying, wrote to Hoadly, at Salisbury, to come up and press his claim, and “ not to sit still, Mahomet-like, and fancy the

mountain of preferment will walk to you. You know the King's two ears, apply to them both."

"Sir R." writes Hoadly, "gave me the kindest reception at Chelsea just before I came hither, and said: 'If any vacancy should happen you are as sure of succeeding as if you were now in possession.'" He assures Lord Hervey of his consideration whether he be "nailed down to the beauties of this place (Salisbury) or removed to those of another," Hoadly wrote, and his letter was delivered immediately on the death of Willis. The Queen said the haste was indecent, but Lord Hervey assured the Queen that Hoadly acted under the advice of friends; and after he was installed in the rich See of Winchester, and had nothing more to hope for, his Nonconformist principles became more strongly developed. The King had a great dislike to all bishops, and especially to Hoadly. "Pray, what is it that charms you in him?" he asked. "His pretty limping gait (mimicking the

Bishop's lameness), or his silly laugh. If the Bishop of Winchester is your friend, you have a great puppy, and a very dull fellow, and a great rascal for your friend." Such were the amenities of the day. Among the eminent men who were intimate with Bishop Hoadly was Hogarth. This painter spent the last years of his life at Chiswick; being within such an easy distance, we may suppose that he was frequently at the Bishop's Palace. Perhaps, we may thus account for the existense of some spirited black chalk frescoes on the walls of one of the rooms, which were discovered when the building was taken down. They represented three men and six women, the size of life, and in the manner of Hogarth.

Hoadly was Bishop of Winchester for nearly twenty-seven years, and lived in the red-brick palace contiguous to Henry VIII's Manor-House. This building had been erected by James, Duke of Hamilton, in the reign of Charles I., and was purchased by the Government for the See of Winchester

after the Restoration—the old Palace at Southwark being no longer available.

Winchester House, as it was called, was thus built about forty years before the Hospital. It was a handsome structure, and possessed some characteristics we admire of the architecture of that age. Passing from the river-side road (now Cheyne Walk) through the gates, and up the carriage drive, you came to the principal entrance, which opened into the Grand Hall, forty feet long and twenty feet wide. On the right hand was the staircase, of noble proportions, leading to three drawing-rooms, which extended the whole length of the south front. On the east was a great gallery leading to the sleeping apartments, which were on the north side of the quadrangle, and overlooked the garden at the back.

The house had ten windows in front on the first floor, but it was no great height. Over the drawing-rooms there were only some rooms in the roof. Probably the

parapet was on a line with that of the Manor House (Henry VIII's Palace), of which this building was a continuation.

(Bishop North, brother of the Minister of that name, was the last prelate that occupied this house. Towards the end of his life he went to Italy for his health, and upon his return he seems to have desired to convert the old palace into a kind of Roman villa. He adorned the drawing-rooms with mosaics and frescoes, and the hall and staircase with Roman busts and vases. His establishment here was on a grand scale; it is said that he kept forty servants. After Bishop North's death, in 1820, as Mrs. Tomline disliked the place, Winchester House was sold to the Lord of the Manor, and after it had stood some time unoccupied, an order was given for its demolition.

The Bishop of Winchester's Palace seems to have stood across the end of the present Oakley Street, a little to the north-west of what is now called Winchester House; though, perhaps, partly covering the same site. Hard by, beside a flight

of water-stairs, stood the little "Magpie and Stump," which the landlord maintains has stood there for six hundred years. The Churchwardens and Overseers have this year celebrated here the two hundredth and fifty-second Anniversary dinner in honour of the foundation of a local charity. The new Embankment has swept away the river stairs; but the sign-board, which stood over them, surmounted by the bird of omen, still remains six yards in front of the house, and the landlord has sustained his right to keep it up against all the exertions of the Board of Works. He says that up those stairs, and beneath that sign, the Princess Elizabeth was wont to land, and she may have used the passage on some occasion, though the palace had a private flight. The house is a quaint old structure with low rooms and large beams,¹ in the upper storey; but its age, like that of many old people is no doubt much exag-

¹ Some of the woodwork in the houses in Cheyne Walk was of old oaken ship timber—as was formerly sometimes the case in seaport towns.

gerated. There is, however, an entry that this house had a right of commonage in 1663, and a note in the handwriting of Lord Cheyne states that "some one claims the freehold of the 'Magpie'" in 1687.)

Among the many celebrated doctors who have resided at Chelsea, we must not forget Messenger Monsey; he obtained his appointment as physician to the Hospital, through the interest of the Lord Godolphin, who not only benefited by his advice, but found him a most agreeable companion. His wit and learning were celebrated, and he frequently dined with Walpolë, who, however, was a little irritated at his contradicting him, and beating him at billiards. Dr. Monsey lived to be ninety-four, and during his life-time the reversion of his place at Chelsea was promised successively to several physicians. A story is told that one day he observed from his window a gentleman looking very carefully at the College and gardens. He knew that he was another reversioner, and accosting him said: "Well, Sir, I see you are examining your

house and gardens that are to be, and I will assure you that they are both very pleasant and convenient. But I must tell you one thing—you are the fifth man that has had the reversion, and I have buried them all. And what is more,” he added, giving him a scrutinizing look, “something tells me that I shall bury you also.” And the event proved that he was right.

We have already heard of the Swan Inn, where Pepys was wont to resort, and which was one of the seven establishments along the Thames, between London Bridge and Putney, bearing that name. No doubt the designation sounded grand as the swan was a bird-royal, and belonged to the King. But this particular house has become famous from having been the goal at the annual rowing-match for Doggett’s Coat and Badge. Doggett was an Irish actor who gained success and competence on the London stage. He showed great talent in singing and dancing in low comedy, and representing the manners of the poorer classes. But

there was more than the mere buffoon in him, and he was much admired by Congreve, who wrote several of his successful characters, such as "Ben" and "Fondlewife." In the "Tatler," he is called "the best of comedians." He was "a Whig up to head and ears," and showed his respect for the memory of William of Orange and the Hanoverians by instituting, upon the accession of George I., a rowing match from the "Old Swan," near London Bridge, to the "White Swan" at Chelsea, and giving as the prize an orange-coloured waterman's coat and a silver medal stamped with the White Horse of Hanover.

The "Swan" (or White Swan) stood at the end of Swan Lane, and seems to have abutted on the river wall, and to have adjoined the ground, afterwards occupied by the Apothecaries' Garden. Old people can remember a "dock" close to it, whence the press-gangs used to go up on their expeditions to Chelsea; eventually the house was converted into a brewery, and

the name given, and the races rowed to the Robin Hood public-house more to the west, where the mansion called the "Swan House" has been lately built.

CHAPTER VI.

The Duchess of Monmouth—Her Court at Chelsea—
 Ormond House—Swift's Visit—Kindness of Atterbury
 —Swift's Aquatic Diversions—Church Lane at this time
 —Royalty on the River—Water Language.

WE have already spoken of the old Manor House, which was superseded by the grander structure of Henry VIII. The Laurence family continued to inhabit it for a considerable time, and Sir Thomas Laurence died there in 1714. Afterwards Anne, Duchess of Monmouth, came in the evening of her days to the "great house in Laurence Street," which henceforward was called after her, and in 1716 we find Caroline, then Princess of Wales, paying her a visit, a happy occasion on which the church bells rang out a

joyous peal. The stately heiress of Buccleugh was then seventy-four years of age, and lived to be ninety—Chelsea air in her case, as in others, seeming favourable to longevity. Born in the year in which the Civil War broke out, her childhood had been passed in that period of commotion which ended in the execution of Charles I.; she had lived under the Protectorate of Cromwell, and had joined in welcoming the Restoration. In the prime of her life she had for twenty-five years mixed in the Court of Charles II., and had been united to the gay and dashing Duke of Monmouth. She was fascinated by his soft voice, his graceful manners, and handsome appearance; he by her broad acres. The faults in his character were soon developed—his ambitious projects and roving amours—and he avowed that he had fixed his affections upon the more beautiful Lady Henrietta Wentworth, whom he called “the choice of his riper years.” But his wife’s amiability and many virtues, the existence of which he never denied, remained, and after

his execution she continued to be highly esteemed, and to be visited by ladies of rank.¹ Gay seems to have been secretary or house-steward to the Duchess from 1712 until he went to Hanover with Lord Clarendon in August, 1714. He therefore probably assisted her in moving to Chelsea, and perhaps exercised his functions here. There can be no doubt that he was often seen at the mansion in his fine clothes, buttons, and loops.² Thus in Hanoverian times a little Court was established at the old house in Chelsea, which had scarcely faded when it was superseded by the more modern splendours of Walpole's reign.

Caroline, who, we have observed, was a patroness of arts and sciences had another attraction at Chelsea. After the Duke of Wharton's death his park was bought to try

¹ She did not long remain a widow after Monmouth's death.

² It was probably by the Duchess that he was introduced to the notice of Caroline, who offered to make him Gentleman Usher to an infant princess, with a salary of two hundred pounds a year. But although very poor, he was too proud to accept the post.

the experiment, which has been so often repeated, of rearing silkworms in England. The ground was planted with mulberry trees,¹ and a Mrs. Gale established a manufactory here, in which, from the produce of the "native worm," she made beautiful silk and satin for the princess. This was commenced about 1721, brought large numbers of visitors, and became an attraction to foreigners. After the project had collapsed, a M. Le Blon set up tapestry looms in the same place, relying on the same patronage, and meeting a like fate.

Among the luminaries who shed a genial influence over this period, the name of Arbuthnot should not be forgotten. Pope spoke in high commendation of his wit. He was one of the physicians to Queen Anne, and lived towards the end of his life in Church Street—a classic locality at this time. It is remarkable that he was succeeded in his house by Sir John Shadwell, another court physician,—son and biographer of the Laureate Shadwell, who "never deviates

¹ Several old mulberry trees lately existed in Chelsea.

into sense." Some differed from Dryden in their estimate of this poet, and we are told that he had great conversational powers, and excelled in the accomplishments of a gentleman. He resided and died in this street, where his widow, who had been an actress, continued for some years.

As we tread this now silent and obscure thoroughfare, between these mean houses, many brilliant names cluster thick upon us from this Augustan age. Here Swift lodged opposite to "the learned and polite Atterbury," who had been a resident for more than ten years. This erudite ecclesiastic was not a mere theologian, but was among the first who called attention to the beauties of Milton. In the account which Swift sends Stella of his sojourn at Chelsea, we find proofs of the kindness and hospitality of this Dean and his wife.

Swift took a lodging in Church Lane, 1711, which was then a street inhabited by the families of gentlemen of moderate means. But he had to pay six shillings a week for

“one silly room, with confounded coarse sheets and an awkward bed,” whereas he had only been paying eight shillings for a drawing-room floor in Bury Street, and thinking that “plaguy deep.”

The Duchess of Ormond’s residence at Chelsea may not have been without some attraction for Swift, who, we find, visited her. Probably the first Duke had a house here, for we read of a Chelsea salmon being sold to the Duchess—thirteen and a half lbs. at sixteen pence a lb.—in 1664. The wife of the second duke was a daughter of the first Duke of Beaufort, who was living close to him in Beaufort (More’s) House.

Both these dukes opposed Monmouth, but the Duke of Beaufort also tried to defend Bristol from the Prince of Orange, whom the Duke of Ormond welcomed.¹ The

¹ The Duke of Ormond was one of the Royal Hospital Commissioners. In 1715 he was impeached for high treason, and betook himself to France, where he reflected some lustre upon the cheerless Court of the Pretender in Lorraine. The royal lodge at Richmond was built on part of his forfeited property.

former afterwards refused to take the oath of allegiance to William III., and retired to his seat at Badminton.

Ormond House is still remembered by old people in Chelsea. It stood opposite the west gate of the Hospital, and the name Ormond Row given to a line of small dwellings in the vicinity, has only lately been changed into the more plebeian appellation of Smith Street. One of these houses is still called the "Ormond Dairy." The mansion formed part of Paradise Row, and stood on the site of the shops now between the "Chelsea Pensioner" and the "School of Discipline."¹ It had eight windows on the first floor; in front was a little garden, as there was to the adjoining houses, and at the back an old-fashioned gallery, that is a sort of wooden balcony along the upper floor, which led by a flight of stairs into the back pleasure ground.²

¹ An excellent institution where they reform girls for five shillings a week.

² The house was finally used as a maritime school, and

Swift seems to have gone to Chelsea for his health.¹ He was suffering from pains in the head, partly, as he thought, for want of horse exercise, to which he was accustomed in Ireland. Accordingly on the 26th of April, 1711, he started off from London with his man, Patrick, in the stage-coach, paying sixpence for his fare. There was a good road from Chelsea to London, and he looked forward to pleasant country walks to and fro, but the day after his arrival was so wet that instead of walking he was

the ground contained a large full-rigged training-ship. At one time there was an observatory on the top, and we read in the "Annual Register" that a comet was discovered from it in 1760.

¹ Statistics show that this character for salubrity is still maintained. Bowack says that "during the last twenty or thirty years (from 1705) so many families and schools have gone there for the sweetness of the air, that from a small straggling village 'tis now become a large beautiful and populous town, having about three hundred houses and above that number of families, some of whom are very great, which is over nine times its number in 1664."

obliged again to have recourse to the six-penny stage. Even in this he was not always fortunate, for he writes on the 30th that the day is again wet, and the "cunning natives of Chelsea have outwitted me, and taken up all the three stage coaches." He is at a loss what to do, thinks of borrowing a coat and walking in the rain, but eventually obtained by chance a gentleman's chaise and went to town for a shilling.

Swift had already some slight acquaintance, with his opposite neighbour, Dr. Atterbury, the Dean of Carlisle. He writes to Stella, January 6th, 1710-11: "I was this morning to visit the Dean or Mr. Prolocutor, I think you call him, do not you? Why should I not go to the Dean as well as you? A little black man of pretty nearly fifty? Ay, the same, a good pleasant man? Ay, the same. Cunning enough? Yes, one who understands his own interest as well as anybody. How comes it M.D. and I do not meet there sometimes? A very good face and abun-

dance of wit. Do you know his lady? Oh Lord, whom do you mean? I mean Dr. Atterbury, Dean of Carlisle and Prolocutor."

At first the satirist thought, or affected to think, the vicinity of the Atterburys a doubtful advantage; but his sojourn at Chelsea was made more agreeable by their presence. They were kind people. Mrs. Atterbury sent across to him four days after his arrival to place her garden, library, and whatever her house afforded at his disposal; sending him at the same time some veal, small beer and ale for his dinner. He returned the civility by a visit, and they afterwards became more intimate. We find the Dean sending his chariot to bring him from London, which Swift found no saving, as he had to give two shillings to the coachman. Afterwards he frequently visited the Dean, when he came from town in the evening, and sometimes sat chatting with him until the small hours. Part of their conversation was about a society

Swift wished to form for settling and correcting the English language, so that it might not be perpetually changing—a project somewhat beyond the power of any society. One day, when he was dining there, he heard that the Duke of Buckingham (John Sheffield) had been talking about him, and desired to make his acquaintance; but Swift replied that he expected a man to make advances in proportion to his rank, and that the Duke (who was proverbially stiff, and had acquired the sobriquet of Don John) had not made sufficient overtures.

When the weather cleared, Swift recommenced his walks, saying he intended to walk till he got well, and that he already felt better. He leaves his best gown and periwig at Mrs. Van Homrigh's, where he can change after his walk, and make himself "a spark" to visit my Lord Treasurer and other great men at whose houses he frequently dines, and hears cabinet secrets. He walks back in the evening along Pall Mall, which is then

crowded with a prodigious number of young ladies, taking good exercise, such as he wishes the Irish ladies would try—and then passes through the Park, out at Buckingham Gate, and makes for Chelsea Church, a walk which occupied him an hour, so he did not proceed very fast. Once he returned by moonlight, as late as one in the morning, and was warned of the dangers of the road. He mentions having met at night a seaman and a parson fighting in the road, and adds significantly, “I had no money in my pocket, and so could not be robbed.” But he says there are generally plenty of people about. Unfortunately the weather did not prove favourable for Swift’s pedestrian exercise. The rain had scarcely abated when the heat began to set in, and as he tells Stella “made her little fat Presto sweat in the forehead.” The warmth increasing, he begins to think “the weather is mad,” and takes to going to London by the public boat, in which he sometimes

has a footman as his companion. "There is never a boat on Sunday, never!" They are now making hay in the fields about Chelsea, and he speaks of the "sweet scent of the flowery meads" in the neighbourhood, but adds that the "haymaking nymphs are perfect drabs, nothing so clean and pretty as farther in the country." The heat has become so oppressive that one night, when going to bed, he thought of going to take a swim in the river; he went so far as to go down to the bank and look into it, but could not make up his mind for the plunge, and walked back again. Afterwards he did refresh himself with a nocturnal bath, and had Patrick to hold his night-gown, shirt, and slippers, and borrow a napkin from his landlady for a cap. He swam for an hour and a half, with occasional dives. He went to bed afterwards. Dining on the 6th of May with Lady Betty Germain, he was warned not to put ice into his wine, but he has done it several times, and only felt the drier and hotter for it.

Lady Berkeley on this occasion clapped his hat on a lady's head, who put it upon the rails, and, while he was not looking it was sent to Lady Carteret's, five doors off, where he had to go for it, and pay her and Lady Weymouth a visit.

On the 8th of June, he writes, "'Tis stewing hot, but I must arise and go to London between fire and water." "Sat this evening in London (June 21st), with Lady Butler and Lady Ashburnham, daughters of James, Duke of Ormond. 23rd—Dined with Dr. Gastrel at Atterbury's"

Patrick, who he says was a rascal, was unfortunate at the end of Swift's sojourn here. He got mauled at the playhouse by a brother footman, when drunk; the man "dragged him along the floor on his face, which looked for a week as if he had the leprosy." His appearance, however, was improved by his master giving

¹ On one occasion they went together to Battersea, crossing by the ferry to Ferry Mead. King William had crossed here twice; the bridge was not built until 1771.

him new clothes and a laced hat, which he had so much set his heart on that he offered to pay for the lace out of his own wages.

Swift left Chelsea on the 4th of July, but the friendship he had made with Atterbury continued, and he often walked over to dine with him. Before the end of the year, he was able to congratulate his friend on his elevation to the Deanery of Christ Church, Oxford, which Atterbury had been anxious to obtain. We find Swift visiting him at Chelsea in February and March, 1712, when he was taken by the Secretary (St. John) to dine with the Dean of Christ Church and Lord Orrery "whether I would or no; for they have this long time admitted me a Christ Church man." In March, 1713, he dined with Arbuthnot at

¹ Christ Church was celebrated for learning and talent, and the Christ Church wits were famous at that day. Aldrich, afterwards Dean of Christ Church, was an intimate friend of Atterbury, who loved to associate with men of letters, and made Church Street well known.

his lodgings at Chelsea, attended service at the Chapel and tells Stella that the altar put him in mind of "Tisdall's outlandish mould" at the hospital for soldiers at Kilmainham near Dublin.

The next month Atterbury hearing that Swift had been appointed Dean of St. Patrick's, wrote the following cordial letter to him.

" Chelsea,

" Tuesday Morning, April 21st, 1713.

" Mr Dean,

" Give me leave to tell you that there is no man in England more pleased with your being preferred than I am. I would have told you so at your lodgings, but that my waiting confines me. I had heard a flying report of it before, but my Lord Bolingbroke yesterday confirmed the welcome news to me. I could not excuse myself without saying thus much, and I have not time to say more, but that

I am,

" Your most affectionate faithful servant

" F. ATTERBURY."

Swift endorsed the letter "Dr. Atterbury, April 21st, 1713, about eleven in the morning. I believe all to no purpose." He was then uncertain of his appointment to the Deanery.

Horace Walpole calls Atterbury "an ambitious and turbulent priest attached to the House of Stuart." In the year in which the above letter was written he was raised to the Bishopric of Rochester by Queen Anne, and it is said that at her death he proposed to go in his lawn sleeves to proclaim James II. at Charing Cross. Owing to his political bias, he was suspected in 1722 of assisting the Pretender, was incarcerated in the Tower, and finally exiled for life. Just before his arrest a large fine fell to him as Dean of Westminster. This money he could not obtain without his seal being set to the deed in full chapter, and at Walpole's suggestion a chapter was held in the prison, and the Bishop received his due.

Two letters are extant from the Lady

Catherine Jones, already mentioned, to Swift about the monument of her ancestor, Archbishop Jones, and his son Lord Ranelagh. The first is dated from Chelsea in 1729; the second, which is three years later, and perhaps from the same place,¹ concludes as follows :—

“I need not inform Mr. Dean that the world teaches that relations and friends look like two different species, and though I have the honour to be allied to my Lord Burlington,² yet, since the death of my good father and his, the notice he takes of me is as if I was a separated blood; or else I am vain enough to say, we are sprung from one ancestor, whose ashes keep up a greater lustre than those who are not reduced to it.

“I cannot conclude without saying that,

¹ Ranelagh estate was sold in 1733. Lady Jones died at Chelsea in 1740.

² Her grandmother having been the daughter of the Earl of Cork.

were I worthy in any way to have the pleasure of seeing Dean Swift, I do not know any passion, even envy would not make innocent, in my ambition of seeing the author of so much wit and judicious writing as I have had the advantage to reap.

“Your humble and obliged servant,

“CATHERINE JONES.”

We can form a tolerable idea of what Church Lane was in Swift's time. It consisted of houses which were not then considered small. Bowack, to whom we are indebted for some topographical notes on the neighbourhood, rented one of them, for which he paid fourteen pounds a year. The road was then much lower than it is at present, so that we now go down one or two steps into some of the houses on the east side.

The church, which was opposite, was much as we see it now, except that it had a belfry like an observatory, called indifferently

the steeple, or the cupola, on the top of the tower.¹

The high road—Cheyne Walk—which ran by the Church along the river, was at this time very narrow here,² and close to the opposite end of Church Street, a large gentleman's house was built right across it, with a low arched passage, only wide enough for one vehicle, so that it became the scene of constant disputes between drivers as to which had entered first.³ A few doors higher, was the "White Horse," a long but low building with a large room over the ground-floor. It was a posting-house from which the stage-coach went, the very place where Swift was outwitted by the "cunning natives."

¹ This Church is now only a chapel-of-ease, and is not even licensed for marriages.

² And partly blocked on the river-side by the parish stocks and 'cage' (prison), originally in Lordship Yard.

³ Among those who were returned for fines in 1685 for neglecting to repair their river walls, was Francis Atterbury, and there are reasons for thinking that this was the house he occupied. The place it joined can still be seen in the blank wall of No. 67, Cheyne Walk.

It was ornamental withal—on either side of the doorway were carved figures, about two feet high, with wings and hoofs, and of so ambiguous a nature that, while some said they were angels, others maintained they were satyrs. Inside the gateway in the stable-yard were other creatures of the same kind—one of them playing the bag-pipes. Over the door proudly swung the sign, and the date, 1509, in which the landlord seems to have given himself half a century too much. The house, which was entirely constructed of timber and plaster, was burnt down on a Sunday about forty years since—the landlord perishing in the flames.

There are still two wooden houses in this lane (or street, as it is now called), and some of the dwellings existing in Swift's time still remain; two of them bearing the date 1679. They are low, have generally but two windows over the ground-floor, and two above them in the roof. On the west side some of the houses stood back, and had a railing in front. Two of these remain, and the sou-

thernmost (No. 11), now a grocer's, has a wide hall panelled to within a foot of the ceiling, a broad low staircase, rooms about nine feet high, and large vaults under ground. This was till 1703 the residence of an eccentric author, Dr. Chamberlayne, whose epitaph is to be read on the church wall, and who desired that he should be entombed under a mound by the high road, and that copies of his books should be preserved in wax,¹ and laid beside him. The other of these houses, now a draper's, was occupied by Dr. King, the Rector of the parish at this time, to whom we are indebted for a manuscript, now crumbling away, containing interesting details concerning the locality. At the upper end of the street, on the east side, stood the Rectory in its grounds,² which was in a dilapidated state when Dr. King was appointed. The Rev. T. Norwood has

¹ When his tomb was opened, they were found to have decayed.

² Formerly there were twenty acres of glebe, now there are about two. The land has been built over, and the living is worth £1,700.

suggested that he let this residence to Dean Atterbury, and if so, I should place Swift in the large house on the other side, where the Black Lion public-house now rises. Here a tall solid-looking structure, standing back from the road, was said by some to have belonged to Essex, but acquired the name of Queen Anne's Palace. There was a date in brickwork on the back of the house—1641. If Swift had lodged in this house we could understand that he would have to pay high for his accommodation, and he would have been opposite the Rectory.

The edifice with stone pillars—a vestry room and school adjacent to the church—had been just finished before Swift's visit. It was the gift of William Petyt of Church Street, a bencher of the Inner Temple, Keeper of the Records in the Tower, and a prolific author—bequeathing to the public one hundred and thirty volumes of manuscript. The pillars originally formed a colonnade, which has since been filled up with

bricks. Cheyne Row had just been built. We have already noticed how aquatic our predecessors were, and have seen the funeral procession with banners and escutcheons moving up the river. But the freight was generally of a much brighter kind. "Old Father Thames" was not yet chained in penal servitude, and condemned to bear nothing on his breast but murky barges and snorting steamers. No—at that time his silver mirror reflected many a pageant of which Queen Venice might have been proud, while inspiring sounds of music floated across the stream. Not only the Lord Mayor, but the highest dignitaries of the State, and even Royalty itself, delighted to take the water, seated in gilded pavilions with trumpeters at the bows, and flags flying from the sterns. So fashionable and popular was the Chelsea Reach (the broadest west of London) in Charles II.'s time, that it was called "Hyde Park on the water."

There were gay doings in Chelsea in the summer of 1717. On June 12th the Prince

and Princess arrived there by water, and were received with ringing of bells, as they were when they "lay before the town" five days afterwards. In July the King, with the Duchess of Newcastle, Lady Godolphin, Madam Kilmansech, and the Earl of Orkney went one evening in an open barge to Chelsea.

Handel had been lately restored to favour at a previous water-party, where he had conducted the music unknown, and on the King expressing his delight had been introduced to him, and pardoned. Gratitude, if not pride, would lead him to excel upon this occasion, and we are told that now fifty performers, in one of the grand city barges, played the music of that great master. Either for this, or the previous occasion, his celebrated water-pieces were composed, and the King was again so delighted with the airs that he had them thrice repeated. It must have been a splendid moonlight scene, and thousands of boats accompanied the procession. At eleven the King landed amid

cheering crowds and streaming flags and ringing bells, and proceeded to Ranelagh House. The great old lord was dead, but his daughter, Lady Catherine Jones, received them, and did the honours so well at a supper and concert that his Majesty could not draw himself away until two o'clock in the morning. We may suppose that the King returned amid illuminations, as on the previous occasion.

The Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, was often rowed about this part of the river by common watermen. She was always very active and enterprising, and once we are told she went on board a west country barge, and partook of the salt pork and bread of the sailors, leaving a handsome present for them. The master of the vessel was so proud of this honour that he purchased a grand cockade as a distinguishing vane for his mast-head.

Caroline had, perhaps, made herself rather too much at home with the water-spirits, who were still fully as proficient in abuse as when

Pepys gave them as good as he received. We find them on one occasion taking advantage of the privilege of the river to revile her to her servants. On May 1, when the King was to set out for Hanover, several of his lower domestics went before, and, while on the Thames, a "brisk bold lass," perfectly well versed in water language, gave them several "plaguy broadsides." Her words would not bear repetition, and on land would have been treasonable, but "the Thames seems to have had a charter for rudeness."¹

Frenchmen were at this time exposed to great abuse in the neighbourhood, even when they walked the streets. M. Grosley, in his Tour to London, observes :—

"Happening to pass one day through Chelsea, in company with an English gentleman, a number of watermen drew themselves up in a line and attacked him, on my account, with all the opprobrious terms which the English language can supply; at the third attack, my friend stopping short cried out to

¹ "Malcolm's Anecdotes."

them that they said the finest things in the world, but unluckily he was deaf, and, as for me, I did not understand a word of English, and that their wit was consequently thrown away upon me, This appeased them, and they went away laughing."

It would seem that Chelsea market-gardeners were almost as bad in language as the watermen.

CHAPTER VII.

Sir Hans Sloane—His Early Life—Love of Science—He becomes a Favourite of the Queen—Detraction—His Museum—Hospitality and Munificence—Bequest.

ONE of the physicians in attendance upon Queen Caroline during her last illness was Sir Hans Sloane, the connection of whose name with Chelsea has been perpetuated in the quaint circus of Hans Place and the broad thoroughfare of Sloane Street. He was the first member of the medical profession that was made a baronet, and had attended Queen Anne. The gifts with which he was endowed were rather of a solid than brilliant character. Untiring industry and perseverance, united to an enthusiastic love

of science, raised him to the high position he occupied. We may add temperance, by which, though naturally predisposed to disease, he managed to reach his ninety-second year. The powers of the body and mind generally vary inversely, and it is not improbable that a disinclination for physical exertion may have led him to studious habits. He was born in Ireland—his father having been the head of the Scottish colony settled there by James the First.

When young Hans Sloane first came to London to study medicine at the Botanical Gardens, Chelsea—which had lately been formed by the Company of Apothecaries—he was so fond of botanical researches that he spent much of his time here, until he went to France to carry them still farther. We shall notice hereafter that on his return to commence his medical practice he probably renewed his visits to this locality. There can be no doubt that from first to last Sloane was

attracted to the place by the botanical garden.

He tells us in his will that he was always "a great observer and admirer of the wonderful power, wisdom, and contrivance of Almighty God," and the desire of prosecuting his researches in Natural History led him in 1687 to accept a proposal to accompany the Duke of Albemarle to Jamaica. His Grace unfortunately died shortly after their arrival, but Sloane had time to make a collection of eight hundred plants. Writing in 1707 an account of this visit, he observes: "Many of the people live on the Irish potato, a sort of solanum on which I have heard they live in the mines of Potosi, and in Ireland." He describes this esculent minutely. Even at the end of the last century potatoes were little used in London, and almost exclusively by the poorer classes.

Sloane was the first man whom a love of science had taken to the West Indies. He tried to bring home some living

animals—a snake, a crocodile and a guana. The snake, after living some time in an earthen jar, grew weary of its imprisonment, and getting loose created such a commotion among the Duchess of Albemarle's "ladies and gentlemen" that it had to be shot. Previously it seems to have had some liberty, for we are told "it had made itself very comfortable in the deck-house, as it was fond of rats."

After his return from Jamaica, he strongly advocated the use of Peruvian bark, and invested most of his money in the purchase of that drug.

Sloane was long Secretary to the Royal Society, and was elected President on the death of Sir Isaac Newton in 1727. He was a great favourite of Queen Caroline, who was fond of reading, and a patron of learned men.¹ It was acting upon his

¹ She read abstruse works, such as Butler's "Analogy," and corresponded with Leibnitz. Whiston, the translator of "Josephus," was a friend of hers, notwithstanding his eccentricities.

advice, as we have said, that she allowed the princesses to be inoculated. Lord Hervey evidently found his scientific disquisitions tiresome, for in one of the poetical and dramatic pieces which he wrote to amuse the Queen at Kensington, during the King's absence, he introduces—

“ And sure in sleep no dullness you need fear
Who ev’n awake can Schutz and Lifford bear ;
Who every Sunday suffer stupid Sloane
To preach on a dried fly and Hampstead stone,
To show such wonders as were never seen,
And give accounts of what have never been.”

Sir Hans had other detractors. Dr. King, a clever satirical writer, made humorous capital by collecting passages in which this eminent man had expressed himself carelessly, or obscurely. He avers that he is sorry that the Royal Society is “ in hazard of being eclipsed by the wretched gambols of these people.” But although we cannot say that Sir Hans Sloane approached perfection, either in accuracy of expression, or scientific knowledge, he gave a lasting and

substantial encouragement to the study of Natural History.

He was on intimate terms with Robert Boyle, and there are some interesting letters extant from Locke to him. In one of these, dated Oates, December 2, 1699, he alludes to the wonderful performances of the "strong man" in London, and says, "they might be made the subject of philosophical inquiry." At the conclusion, he says, "I took the liberty to send you, just before I left town, the last edition of my 'Essay.' I do not intend you shall have it gratis. There are two new chapters in it, one of the 'Association of Ideas,' and another of 'Enthusiasm;' these two I expect you to read, and give me your opinion frankly upon." On 27th December, 1700, he writes, evidently in a state of suffering, and says, "the tenement must at some time or other fall to dust, and mine has held out beyond expectation." His principal object seems to be to offer a contribution to the "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal

Society.” He suffered from asthma, which made him very sensitive to the changes of the weather, and he had kept a register of them for ten years. “It is,” he says, “of the same kind with those of mine, published in Mr. Boyle’s ‘History of the Air.’” It is remarkable that Dr. Arbuthnot suffered from the same affection, and kept a similar Diary.

In following the History of Chelsea, we may have observed that from its salubrity, or its situation, it often became a place to which those who had been conspicuous in the battle of life retired to spend the evening of their days. Thus Sir Hans Sloane, who acquired the Manor of Chelsea in 1712, did not occupy the palace until 1741 (although he was so far connected with the place that his wife was buried here in 1724). He was engaged for a year after this in removing his Collection from Bloomsbury to Chelsea. Here he still received his friends with the kindness and hospitality natural to him; at one time, he

kept an open table once a week to which his learned friends and members of the Royal Society were especially welcome. He had always been a sociable, and even humorous man. One day a lady of rank observed to him that doctor's advice was of doubtful value, for that they sometimes killed instead of curing. "That is true, Madam," said Sir Hans, "but I hope to cure you fifty times before I kill you once."

The principal event that happened during his life at Chelsea, and from the account of which we gain some idea of the magnitude of his Museum, was the visit paid him, in 1748, by the Prince and Princess of Wales—the father and mother of George III. At this time Sir Hans Sloane was eighty-eight, "ancient and infirm." The Prince sat down beside him, and told him how much the learned world appreciated his labours.

Sir Hans Sloane's house formed a square of about one hundred feet on each side, enclosing a court, and, on this occasion, the

three front rooms had tables set down the centre, which were spread over with cases filled with all sorts of precious stones uncut, and in the matrix.

When the Royal party had viewed one room and entered another, these specimens were removed, and the tables covered "for a second course," with all sorts of jewels, cut, polished and set, some of them being engraved gems. For the third course the tables were spread with gold and silver ore, and with ornaments of different nations and coins.

Some of the rooms of the ground-floor were filled with antiquities from Egypt, Greece, Etruria, Rome, Britain and Armenia; others, with large animals stuffed; and the great saloon was lined with objects preserved in spirits. The halls were adorned with antlers and various kinds of horns.

The gallery, apparently up-stairs, was a room one hundred and ten feet long, full of beautiful corals, crystals, and figured stones, butterflies, insects, and shells, and

many antediluvian specimens. This opened into a suite of rooms filled with books, choice manuscripts, many hundred volumes of dried plants, and a present sent by the French King to Sir Hans Sloane of engravings of his paintings, medals, statues and palaces.

During the last fourteen years of his life, in which Sir H. Sloane lived in retreat at Chelsea, his old predilections were still strong. George Edwards, the naturalist, whom he employed in drawing figures of animals, says that Sir Hans requested that he would visit him every week, to divert him for an hour or two with the news of the town, and especially with anything connected with his friends in the Royal Society, and other "ingenious" men. "I seldom," writes Edwards, "missed drinking coffee with him during the whole time of his retirement at Chelsea. He was so infirm as to be wholly confined to his house, except sometimes, though rarely, taking a little air in his gardens in a wheeled chair, and

this confinement made him very desirous to see any of his old acquaintances to amuse him. He was always strictly careful that I should be at no expense in my journeys from London to Chelsea to wait on him, knowing that I did not superabound in the gifts of fortune. He would calculate what the expense of coach-hire, waterage, or any other little charge that might attend my journey backward and forward would amount to, and would oblige me annually to accept it, though I would willingly have declined it. During the latter part of his life, he was frequently petitioned for charity by decayed branches of families of eminent men. These petitions he always received and considered, and, if found deserving, answered by donations."

Though munificent in his charities, and a great patron of scientific men, Sir H. Sloane left at his death a large amount of property. His magnificent museum at Chelsea contained not only the specimens he had himself found, but also the collection of Mr. Charlton—comprising drawings, shells,

insects, medals, and minerals, valued at eight thousand pounds.¹ Charlton finally bequeathed it to Sloane, who also purchased Petiver's collection for four thousand pounds.

He divided his property between his two daughters—one of whom was married to Lord Cadogan—and directed that his collection should be offered to the Government for twenty thousand pounds—not more than the intrinsic value of the gold and precious stones.² The first cost to him had been fifty thousand pounds. In consequence of this direction, immediately after Sir Hans Sloane's death, about forty of the trustees appointed to take charge of the Museum, met Lord Cadogan and the other executors at the palace, Chelsea. His Lordship produced the will and read the conditions—among which were that, if the Museum

¹ Evelyn took the Countess of Sunderland to see it.

² If Government would not give twenty thousand pounds, the collection was to be offered to the Academies of Science at St. Petersburg, Paris, and Berlin successively.

were accepted by the nation and continued at Chelsea, the Manor House, *i.e.*, the palace,¹ should be added to the gift, so as to avoid any damage in removing the specimens. The Earl of Macclesfield then took the chair and it was agreed that a memorial should be presented to the King. In 1753 an act was consequently passed for the purchase of the Museum.

To purchase this and the Harleian MSS., and establish a grand repository for them and the Cottonian Library, one hundred thousand pounds was raised by lottery, and the house of the Duke of Montagu having been purchased, the British Museum was founded.

¹ The Palace was taken down soon after Sir Sloane's death. The northern garden of No. 26, Cheyne Walk—remarkably large—was part of the palace grounds, and since page 136, Vol. I., was printed, I have found in it a small pond and an old end wall with some gate hinges, which may be those to which Miss Strickland alludes. The Palace seems to have originally had only one court, and in the 17th century a second quadrangle, which had been built, was given to the Bishop of Winchester. Some large elms remain, said to have been planted by Hoadly.

CHAPTER VIII.

Description of the Bun-house—Its Great Success—Street scenes—Gay Customers of the Period—Picture of the Proprietor's Household—Don Saltero—His "Knackatory"—Successes of the Don.

"PRAY, are not the fine buns sold here in our town?" Swift asks of Stella, "was it not *R-r-r-r-r-are Chelsea Buns.*" This refers apparently to a street cry, afterwards changed to the bellman's "Smoking hot, piping hot Chelsea buns." Swift bought one, and if the confectioner had known whom he was serving, he would doubtless have given him something good; but being accustomed to fine gentlemen, he probably thought little of the Irish parson, and gave him a stale bun, and Swift observes he did

not much care for it. He may perhaps allude to this establishment in the following lines to Stella: "As I walked into the city" (from Chelsea) "I was stopped with clusters of boys and wenches buzzing about the cake shops like fairs. There had the fools let out their shops two yards forward into the streets, all spread with great cakes frothed with sugar and stuck with streamers of tinsel."

The bun-house in its best days belonged to the Hands, who were connected with the Gwynnes,¹ and the "Nell Gwynne" public house stood hard by. At one time it was a great institution. George II. and Queen Caroline, George III. and Queen Charlotte, often visited it. The building was fifty feet long with only a ground floor and a heavy roof supported by pillars, projecting over the footway of the street. Inside the verandah, large windows extended down the front, at

¹ In the records of Knightsbridge Chapel, under date January 13th, 1667, we find the marriage of Robert Hand and Mary Gwinn.

which customers could be served without entering the house. Within was a spacious room, and as we are told a "Chinese parlour." There was a collection of pictures, models, grotesque figures, and modern antiques, a statue of the Duke of Cumberland, a picture of the King and Queen, and, in a place of honour, the half-gallon silver mug presented by Queen Charlotte. There were also two leaden figures, nearly four feet high, of Grenadiers in the high sugarloaf caps and flap coats of 1745. These figures and others holding masonic emblems are represented in some old prints as standing on the roof of the bun-house, by which certain writers have been misled to place them there, but in reality they were inside.

A great making of buns was always commenced here three weeks before Good Friday, and as much as two hundred and fifty pounds has been taken on that day. In 1839, the last time they made buns in the old house in Holy Week, they consumed

altogether eight sacks of flour, and sold twenty-four thousand buns. We must not suppose that this great demand originated in a very general desire for innutritious food on the fast day. Quite otherwise—there was a kind of saturnalia in the neighbourhood. People began to arrive at four in the morning, stalls and booths were placed along the street—then called Jew's Row,¹ from its disreputable character—and the crowds who came “bunning” filled the place with noise and tumult. A fair was at the same time held in the five fields adjoining, in which gaming and drinking were carried on to a great extent. Moreover the “bunns” in request were not entirely of the “hot cross” description. The old Chelsea buns were greatly in demand and were a superior kind to our common buns, more like Bath buns. Old people say that they were very rich and seemed full of butter. They were square in form, and were made with eggs, with the

¹ Now the part of Pimlico Road opposite the barracks and hospital.

kind of sugar, lemon, and spice, but without fruit. The receipt is still at the new bun-house at Chelsea, and is worth money; but it is seldom used, as the common buns are less expensive, and more easily sold. The bun-house was condemned in 1839 and taken down to widen the street and make other improvements. It was on the north side in that part of Jew's Row afterwards called Grosvenor Row, not really in Chelsea, being just across the rivulet which ran through the passage by the "Nell Gwynne." Its frontage commenced in Union Street, and occupied the site where Mr. Bowron's and Mr. Marshall's shops now stand. Miss Manning thus describes one of the fashionable visitors of the bun-house—Lady *Betty Spadille* in the yellow autumn of life, with no resources but "Green Tea and Brag"—

"How well I remember her arriving at our bun-house in her peach-coloured sacque, Mechlin head, and red-heeled shoes, the foreparts richly embroidered with silver; loudly talking and laughing, and turning her

head right and left, now to this beau, now to t'other, who fluttered round her with their clouded canes and perfumed wigs; now bursting into what the *French* people call *des grands éclats de rire*, now flirting her fan, or rapping it on the shoulder of one of the ladies who accompany her. . . . Meanwhile two tall lacqueys, with immense shoulder-knots, bore between them a great hamper of *French* wine, while a little black page, in pale blue, laced with silver, tottered under the fruit from Roger's, and certainly it was very fine."

The failure of the bun-house has been attributed to increasing competition, and a rival establishment was started alongside of it by a Mr. Chapman; but it was more connected with the closing of Ranelagh, and the last of the Hands is said to have been a poor knight of Windsor, and to have died without heirs, so that the property went to the crown. However this may be, David Loudon succeeded the Hands, and was the last occupier of the bun-house. Miss Man-

ning attributes the catastrophe to the extravagant habits of the proprietor—a virtuoso—

He has just bought some Chelsea china.

“My poor mother,” writes the daughter
“lifted up her hands and eyes.”

“At your old tricks again, Mr. Honeywood,” said she softly.

“Old tricks!” repeated he with the air of an injured man, “why these are the most exquisite little gems you ever saw! A nobleman could not make a more delicate present to his mistress. Look at this charming little creature stroking her lap-dog, . . . and this high-bred Toast taking a pinch of snuff, this lady of quality sipping tokay, and this opera belle ready to swoon with ecstasy at *Bononcini*—where are your eyes, my dear?”

“Ah! Mr. Honeywood, you know the old saying ‘Please the eye and plague the heart.’”

“Plague my heart then!” cries he in rising dudgeon, “if you are not the most

hard to please of any woman alive. Why a peer bade against me."

"My dear, I wish the lot had been knocked down to him. These are suitable toys for a personage in that condition, but not for us. Why, now I venture to say this set cost you five-and-twenty pounds at the lowest figure."

"Five-and-twenty! you may add something to that, or else you are saying so to incense me!"

"Indeed, my dear, I have learnt the world's value of such things but too well by having to pay for them so often. Are these paid for?"

"Confusion, Madam! Do you mean to doubt my honour?"

"Why really, Mr Honeywood, you have so little money, except what is earned by these poor girls, that I might be excused for asking. And in truth I do not feel it so much a compliment as I could wish, to have presents bought to gratify your own taste,

which you know do not suit mine, and after all be obliged to pay the bill."

"'This is language I will stand from no woman!'"

"Nay, Mr. Honeywood, just look at those shepherdesses on the mantel-shelf, and say if it were not so with them."

(Smash went the shepherdesses.)

"The Senses shall go next," cried he, "if you say another word! Don't cling to me, Patty! They shall!"

Some houses built on the site of the bun-house garden, at the back, are still called Bun-house Place.¹

We have seen Swift leaving his gown and periwig at Mrs. Van Homrigh's, to be put on when he went to visit his grand friends in London. This system of dressing on the road to make calls seems to have been common at the time, and Steele has given us the following sketch of a City magnate making his

¹ There is now a shop called the Chelsea bun-house a little to the west of the original establishment.

way to pay his respects to some of the great people at Chelsea :—

“I met the other day in the five fields, towards Chelsea, a pleasanter tyrant than either of the above represented—A fat fellow was puffing on in his open waistcoat; a boy of fourteen in livery, carrying after him his cloak, upper-coat, hat, wig, and sword. The poor lad was ready to sink with the weight and could not keep up with his master, who turned every half furlong and wondered what made the lazy young dog lag behind.”

These were the days men met in taverns and coffee-houses, much as they now congregate in Clubs. The barber also was in his heyday, and set up his coloured pole to give notice that he added teeth-drawing and phlebotomy to his other occupations of shaving and gossiping.

Chelsea was fortunate in having a celebrated establishment which united the attractions of both barber's shop and coffee-house.

It became a lounge for the men of "quality" in the neighbourhood.

We have a trace of Sir Hans Sloane's early visits to Chelsea in the fact that this house was originally kept by his Irish servant, Salter, who had probably become familiar with Chelsea during his master's visits to the Apothecaries' garden. In his poetical advertisement in 1723, Salter said he had been here fifty years.¹ The building he took stood just at the western end of Manor House grounds (afterwards belonging to Sir Hans). Salter came here as early as 1695, when the Duchess Mazarin was here, and old St. Evremond may have been among his patrons. To make his establishment more attractive, Salter obtained some duplicates and cast-off specimens from his master's museum at Bloomsbury; and to give an air of romance to the whole he changed his name to Don Saltero—a title originally given him by Vice Admiral Mun-

¹ James Salter was fined for not repairing his river wall in 1685.

den, in remembrance, perhaps, of the gallant Spanish Knight who made his helmet out of a barber's basin.¹

The Don's appearance was, it seems, in keeping with this association. He was a thin meagre-looking man, with a philosophic cast of countenance. Moreover his rooms were adorned with arms, double-barrelled pistols, targets, coats of mail, a sclopeta and sword of Toledo. Glass cases were arranged round the walls of this saloon, containing minerals, coins, &c. Small specimens in spirits stood on the mantelpiece; the ceiling was studded with fishes instead of stucco, and the staircase was bright with pictures. He sums up the attractions of his "Knack-atory" as follows :—

" Monsters of all sorts here are seen,
Strange things in nature as they grew so ;
Some relics of the Sheba Queen,
And fragments of the famed Bob Crusoe.

¹ Vice-Admiral Munden lived at Chelsea, and had been much on the coast of Spain.

Knick-knacks too dangle round the wall,
Some in glass-cases, some on shelf ;
But what's the rarest sight of all
Your humble servant shows himself.
On this my chiefest hope depends
Now, if you will the cause espouse
In journals, pray direct your friends
To my Museum Coffee-house ;
And in requital for the timely favour,
I'll gratis bleed, draw teeth, and be your shaver."

Among the specimens was a parrot's egg laid at Chelsea ! There were also objects whose interest was of a different character ; as Queen Elizabeth's strawberry-dish, and her work-basket, and her stirrups ; Henry VIII's coat-of-mail and spurs ; Mary Queen of Scots' pin-cushion and watch ; Oliver Cromwell's broad seal and sword ; the Coronation shoes of William III. ; the flaming sword of William the Conqueror ; the Pope's candle with which he curses heretics !

Some of these "rarities" try our faith rather severely ; especially : a piece of Queen Katherine's skin ; a piece of a saint's bone in nun's work ; several pieces of the

Holy Cross; a painted ribbon from Jerusalem, with the pillar to which Our Saviour was tied, when scourged; a necklace made of Job's tears.

Steele wrote a humorous paper in "The Tatler," on "Don Saltero and his gim-cracks," and says he objects to several of the names he has imposed on the articles he has collected "to the abuse of the good people of England, one of which is particularly calculated to deceive religious persons, to the great scandal of the well-disposed, and may introduce heterodox opinions; he shows you a straw hat which I know to be made by Madge Perkad, within three miles of Bedford; and tells you it is Pontius Pilate's wife's chambermaid's sister's hat. To my knowledge of this very hat, it may be added that the covering of straw was never used among the Jews, since it was demanded of them to make bricks without it."

He farther says, there are some other things he cannot tolerate among his rarities, appa-

rently for a different reason ; as “ the China figure of a lady in a glass case ; the Italian engine for the imprisonment of those who go abroad with it ; both of which I hereby order to be taken down, or else he may expect to have his letters-patent for making punch superseded ; be debarred wearing his muff next winter, or ever coming to London without his wife.”

It appears that the “ Don” endeavoured to add to his popularity by attempting something in the musical line.¹ In this he was not very successful ; but Steele gives it as his opinion that, if he would devote himself to the string, “ he might be able to play *Roger de Cambly* right out before he died.”

Don Saltero was well patronized by *litterati* and men of quality. Bowack, in 1705, speaks of the inhabitants as “ remarkably sociable.” “ The place,” he adds, “ is noted for good conversation, and for many

¹ Barbers could often play for their customers, and generally kept musical instruments for their use while waiting.

honourable worthy inhabitants, being not more remarkable for their titles and estates, employments and abilities, than for their civility and condescension, and their kind and facetious tempers, living in perfect amity among themselves, and having a general meeting every day at a coffee-house, near the church, well-known for the pretty collection of rarities in Nature and Art, some of which are very curious."

Among the contributors to the collection were the Duke of Buccleugh, Lady Humphrey, Sir Thomas Littleton, Robert Mann, Sir John Molesworth, the Hon. Captain Montagu, Lady Norcliffe, Sir Yelverton Peyton, Sir Hans Sloane, the Earl of Sutherland, Hon. Mrs. Verney, Sir Francis Wyndham and Mr. Pennant.

The last named gentleman lived in Paradise Row, was a man of good property, and great uncle to the eminent topographer, whose father he often took to Don Saltero's. "There they sometimes saw Richard Cromwell, a little and very neat old man with a

placid countenance—the effect of his innocent and unambitious life.” The present made by Mr. Pennant to the Museum was “a lignified hog,” or rather the root of a tree in the shape of a hog. Dr. Franklin tells us in his “Life” that he went on one occasion with a water-party to Chelsea to see Don Saltero and the Hospital—he calls it the “College”—the old name of King James’ establishment, which is sometimes used by the Pensioners of the present day. Franklin, during the row, performed some aquatic evolutions, which would have surprised even Swift. He says, “at the request of the company I undressed and leaped into the water. I swam from near Chelsea the whole way to Blackfriars Bridge, exhibiting during my course a variety of feats of activity and address, both upon the surface of the water, as well as under it.”

Don Saltero’s establishment was eventually carried on as a reading-room, and continued for more than a century. The house, six doors beyond Manor Street, be-

came an inn. Some can still remember the green board with "Don Saltero's, 1695," in gold letters.

In 1839, we read: "the gimcracks have dwindled away to two, which still ornament the walls, an old map of London and its environs, and a painting of a ferocious Welshman, with a Bardolphian nose, riding on a goat and armed with a leek and red herring, instead of a sword and gun. The house was rebuilt in 1867, and a handsome residence, No. 18, Cheyne Walk, now stands in its place.

The Don has passed away, but his spirit seems still to haunt the locality, which yet boasts several Knights of the Basin. Near what was once Paradise Row dwells an aged and loquacious man, with white locks and a bright intelligent eye, who is one of the best authorities on the later history of Chelsea. His customers appear to be irresistibly led to finish their toilet at his shop, and he loves to discourse with them on the changes which the present century has pro-

duced; while he can illustrate his narrative by pointing to his mantel-shelf, whereon stand some of the veritable "rarities" of the great Saltero. He has, moreover, a collection of old engravings, oil paintings, and original sketches of some houses which have disappeared in Chelsea.

CHAPTER IX.

Smollett—Seeks Retirement—His Parties at Chelsea—Humorous Description of his Guests—Race between Author and Publisher—Smollett's Liberality—He is imposed upon and involved in Difficulties—Petitions for Dr. Johnson—Loses his only child—Leaves Chelsea and dies.

SMOLLETT'S appearance corresponded with his character. He was strongly built, with a pleasant countenance, and a certain grace and dignity of manner. In every way, except means, he was adapted to play the part of the generous host and the charitable patron. He came to Chelsea in 1749, the year after the publication of "Roderick Random"¹ had raised him to

¹ Four persons have contended for the character of Strap. Mr. Faulkner is in favour of Lewis, a bookbinder

literary fame, and here he wrote "Ferdinand Count Fathom," and completed Hume's History of England, and also accomplished what has ever since been the received translation of "Don Quixote," though, when he undertook it, he did not understand Spanish.

It has been averred that Smollett sought this as a place of retirement for the purpose of writing, but it must be admitted that he had not quite at this time relinquished all hopes of obtaining patients, and he had lately taken an M.D. degree at Aberdeen. But in this, he was destined to be disappointed, perhaps, as it has been suggested from a deficiency of tact and deference in his treatment of ladies. He soon became merely a literary man, and the following extract from Humphrey Clinker affords not only a good specimen of Smollett's best style, but also gives an account of his at Chelsea, but although that gentleman visited Smollett, it seems uncertain whether he was acquainted with the author before he was in this locality.

manner of life at Chelsea. Jerry Melford is supposed to describe a visit he paid to Smollett's house with a poet, Dick Ivy:—
“He lives in the skirts of the town, and every Sunday his house is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill, whom he treats with beef, pudding, and potatoes, port, punch, and Calvert's entire butt-beer. He has fixed on the first day of the week for the exercise of his hospitality, because some of his guests could not enjoy it on any other, for reasons that I need not explain. I was civilly received in a plain yet decent habitation, which opened backwards into a very pleasant garden kept in excellent order; and indeed I saw none of the outward signs of authorship, either in the house or the landlord, who is one of those few writers of the age that stand on their own foundation, without patronage, and above dependence. If there was nothing characteristic in the entertainment, the company made ample amends for his want of singularity.

“ At two in the afternoon I found myself one of ten messmates seated at a table, and I question if the whole world could produce such another assemblage of originals. Among their peculiarities I do not mention those of dress, which may be purely accidental. What struck me were oddities originally produced by affectation, and afterwards confirmed by habit. One of them wore spectacles at dinner, and another his hat flapped; though as Ivy told me, the first was noted for having a seaman’s eye when a bailiff was in the wind, and the other was never known to labour under any weakness or defect of vision, except about five years ago, when he was complimented with a couple of black eyes by a player with whom he had quarrelled in his drink. A third wore a laced stocking, and made use of crutches, because once in his life he had been laid up with a broken leg, though no man could leap over a stick with more agility. A fourth had contracted such an antipathy to the country that he insisted on

sitting with his back towards the window that looked into the garden, and when a dish of cauliflower was set on the table, he sniffed up volatile salts to keep him from fainting; yet this delicate person was the son of a cottager, born under a hedge, and had many years run wild among asses on a common. A fifth affected distraction; when spoken to he always answered from the purpose; sometimes he suddenly started up and rapped out a dreadful oath; sometimes he burst out a-laughing; then he folded his arms and sighed; and then he hissed like fifty serpents. A certain winking genius, who wore yellow gloves at dinner, had, on his first introduction, taken such offence at S—— because he looked and talked, and ate, and drank, like any other man, that he spoke contemptuously of his understanding ever after, and never would repeat his visit, until he had exhibited the following proof of his caprice. Wat Wyvil, the poet, having made some unsuccessful advances towards intimacy with S——,

at last gave him to understand by a third person, that he had written a poem in his praise, and a satire against his person; that if he would admit him to his house, the first should be immediately sent to press; but that if he persisted in declining his friendship, he would publish the satire without delay. S—— replied that he looked on Wyvil's panegyric as, in effect, a species of infamy, and would resent it accordingly with a good cudgel; but if he published the satire, he might deserve his compassion, and had nothing to fear from his revenge. Wyvil having considered the alternative, resolved to mortify S—— by printing the panegyric, for which he received a sound drubbing; then he swore the peace against the aggressor, who in order to avoid a prosecution at law admitted him to his good graces. It was the singularity in S——'s conduct on this occasion that reconciled him to the yellow-gloved philosopher, who owned he had some genius, and from that period cultivated his acquaintance.

“Curious to know on what subjects the several talents of my fellow-guests were employed. I applied to my communicative friend Dick Ivy, who gave me to understand, that most of them were, or had been, unstrappers or journeymen to more creditable authors, for whom they translated, collated, and compiled in the business of book-making; and that all of them had, at different times, laboured in the service of our landlord, though they had now set up for themselves in various departments of literature. Not only their talents, but also their notions and dialects were so various, that our conversation resembled the confusion of tongues at Babel.

“We had the Irish brogue, the Scotch accent, and foreign idiom, twanged off by the most discordant vociferation; for as they all spoke together, no man had any chance to be heard, unless he could bawl louder than his fellows. It must be owned, however, there was nothing pedantic in their discourse; they carefully avoided all

learned disquisitions, and endeavoured to be facetious; nor did their endeavours always miscarry. Some droll repartee passed, and much laughter was excited; and if any individual lost his temper so far as to transgress the bounds of decorum, he was effectually checked by the master of the feast, who exerted a paternal authority over this irritable tribe.

The most learned philosopher of the whole collection, who had been expelled the University for atheism, has made great progress in a refutation of Lord Bolingbroke's metaphysical works, which is said to be equally ingenious and orthodox, but in the meantime he has been presented to the Grand Jury as a public nuisance for having blasphemed in an alehouse on the Lord's day. The Scotchman gives lectures on the pronunciation of the English language, which is now publishing by subscription.

The Irishman is a political writer, and goes by the name of Lord Potato. He wrote a pamphlet in vindication of a minis-

ter, hoping his zeal would be rewarded with some place or pension ; but finding himself neglected in that quarter, he whispered about that the pamphlet was written by the minister himself, and he published an answer to his own production. In this he addressed the author under the title of "your lordship" with such solemnity, that the public swallowed the deceit and bought up the whole of the impression. The wise politicians of the metropolis declared they were both masterly performances, and chuckled over the flimsy reveries of an ignorant gazetteer, as the profound speculations of a veteran statesman acquainted with all the secrets of the Cabinet. The imposture was detected in the sequel, and our Hibernian pamphleteer retains no part of his assumed importance, but the bare title of "my lord," and the upper part of the table at the potato ordinary in Shoe Lane Little Tim Cropdale the most facetious member of the whole society had happily wound up the catastrophe of a virgin

tragedy, for the exhibition of which he had promised himself a large fund of profit and reputation. Tim had made shift to live many years by writing novels at the rate of five pounds a volume: but that branch of business is now engrossed by female authors, who publish merely for the propagation of virtue, with so much ease, and spirit, and knowledge of the human heart, and all in the serene tranquillity of high life, that the reader is not only enchanted by their genius, but reformed by their morality.

“After dinner we adjourned into the garden, where I observed Mr. S—— gave a short separate audience to every individual in a small remote filbert walk, from whence most of them dropped off one after another without further ceremony; but they were replaced by fresh recruits of the same class, who came to make an afternoon’s visit; and among others a spruce bookseller, called Birkin, who rode his own mare, and made his appearance in a pair of new jemmy boots with massy spurs of plate. It was not with-

out a reason that this midwife of the Muses used exercise a-horseback, for he was too fat to walk a-foot; and he underwent some sarcasm from Tim Cropdale on his unwieldy size and inaptitude for motion, who proposed that they should run three turns round the garden for a bowl of punch, and he would run boots against stockings. The bookseller, who valued himself on his mettle, was persuaded to accept the challenge; and forthwith resigned his boots to Cropdale, who, when he had put them on, was no bad representation of Captain Pistol in the play."

He goes on to say, that "no sooner had they started in the race, than Cropdale disappeared in a twinkling through the back door of the garden, and Birkin setting out to pursue him, received a thorn in the foot, which sent him hopping back to the garden roaring with pain, and swearing with vexation. When delivered of this annoyance, he looked about wildly exclaiming, 'Sure the fellow won't be such a rogue as to run away

with my boots ! . . . I lost twenty pounds by his farce which you persuaded me to buy. I am out of pocket five pounds by this damned ode, and now this pair of boots, brand new, cost me thirty shillings as per receipt.' ”

There was not one of these men to whom S—— had not done a kindness ; one he bailed out of a sponging house, and afterwards paid the debt ; another he translated into his family, and clothed when he was turned out half-naked from jail ; a third, who was reduced to a woollen night-cap, and lived on sheep's trotters, up three pair of stairs backwards in Butcher's Row, he took into present pay and free quarters.

Many people will think, as Smollett evidently did, that there was something very pleasant in this jocund society, and that the literary atmosphere could hide a multitude of sins. No doubt it was congenial to his hospitable nature. But we must be prepared to find that a man who selected his friends so carelessly, and treated them so liberally,

often had his generosity abused. And generally speaking Smollett's life at Chelsea was anything but happy, though nothing could entirely quench the sunshine in his heart. His Creole wife had brought him a small fortune, and a large amount of grand ideas. It was probably at her suggestion that he took so pretentious a mansion as Monmouth House, a building, which although spoken lightly of in the above extract, was said by a man who saw it in its decay, to have been at one time very suitable for a nobleman's residence.¹

It is sad to see a man plunged in difficulties through readiness to succour the

¹ Latterly Monmouth House was divided, and perhaps he had only one half. It was taken down in 1834. The property was in Chancery, and the chimneys were falling about, and injured the Rector's children in the adjoining grounds. An order was accordingly obtained and sent to the churchwardens to take down the dangerous part, and recoup themselves out of the materials. But before they could carry out this injunction, one Anderson, who was living there, heard of it, demolished a third of the house, sold the materials, and decamped with the proceeds. The churchwardens completed the destruction so well begun.

distressed. But such was Smollett's case. Among the tribe of visitors, to whom he so humorously alludes as frequenting his Chelsea residence, was Peter Gordon. This man obtained money from Smollett, and to avoid repaying it went into the King's Bench Prison. The novelist was so indignant at his ingratitude that he administered personal correction to him, was prosecuted, and had to pay considerable costs. At this time, also, he found some difficulty in obtaining his wife's money from Jamaica, and we find him beginning to write letters to Dr. Macaulay, a relative apparently, begging for assistance, and speaking of his having raised money at fifty per cent. As from those that have not, shall be taken even that which they have, he writes, in 1754, a postscript to a letter from Chelsea—"I was last night robbed of my watch and money in the stage-coach, between this and London, and am just going to town to enquire about the robber."

In 1756 he went bail for a Scotch friend,

and had to pay ninety-five pounds. He now says that if he cannot borrow, he must move to some corner where he can work, "without being distracted and distressed, for here I can do nothing." Perhaps this implies that his rent was too high for him, and his friends were in too close proximity; but it more probably refers to the Chelsea tradesmen, who had been threatening him with writs of arrest. "I have done very little work," he writes, "for these two months past, and am engaged to finish the History by Christmas, so that you may guess my situation. When I sat down to this work I was harrassed by duns; I have paid above one hundred pounds of debts, which I could no longer put off, and maintained my family. I have since paid one hundred and twenty pounds to different tradesmen, from a small remittance we lately received. We have granted ample power to Tom Bontein to sell our negroes in the West Indies."

Smollett's troubles were increased by his becoming Editor of the "Critical Review,"

at a time when making adverse reflections upon public men was not so common nor so safe as it is at present. Owing to some mild condemnation he passed upon Admiral Knowles, he was fined one hundred pounds, and sent to the King's Bench prison for three months. Here he was visited by Garrick, whose conduct was the more generous as he had been attacked by him. Here Newbery engaged his services as the Editor of a new "Sixpenny Magazine," to which Goldsmith was to be a contributor.

One of those who had passed many convivial hours with Smollett at Chelsea was Wilkes, to whom he applied when threatened with proceedings by Knowles. A previous application made in the following letter on behalf of Dr. Johnson had been successful.

" Chelsea, March 16th, 1759.

" Dear Sir,

" I am again your petitioner on behalf of that great *Cham* of literature, Samuel Johnson. His black servant, whose name

is Francis Barber, had been pressed on board the "Stag" frigate, Captain Angel, and our lexicographer is in great distress. He says the boy is a sickly lad, of a delicate frame, and particularly subject to a malady in his throat; which renders him very unfit for his Majesty's service. You know what matter of animosity the said Johnson has against you; and I dare say you desire no other opportunity of resenting it than that of laying him under an obligation. He was humble enough to desire my assistance on this occasion, though he and I were never cater-cousins; and I gave him to understand that I would make application to my friend, Mr. Wilkes, who perhaps by his interest with Dr. Hay and Mr. Elliot might be able to procure the discharge of his lackey. It would be superfluous to say more on this subject which I leave to your own consideration; but I cannot let slip this opportunity of declaring that,

" I am,

" With the most inviolable esteem and

attachment, dear Sir, your affectionate,
obliged, humble servant,

“ J. SMOLLETT.”

We regret to find that afterwards, owing to Smollett undertaking to conduct a Conservative periodical called “*The Briton*,” he lost the friendship of Wilkes, and they became open enemies. The various trials to which he was exposed, during his stay at Chelsea, were aggravated by ill-health. He was suffering from asthma, and an ulcer in the arm, probably induced by over-work. But all his misfortunes culminated in the death of his only child—a fine girl of fifteen to whom he and his wife were devotedly attached. This last blow was too much for him. “*Traduced by malice, persecuted by faction, abandoned by false patrons, and overwhelmed by a sense of domestic calamity, which was not in the power of fortune to repair,*” he resolved to leave Chelsea—associated with so much misery. He went abroad, and his depression was so

great, that he, naturally so joyous, could see no beauty in the works of Art of Southern Europe, and found so much fault with everything on the road that Sterne maliciously gave him the name of "Smelfungus." But it was in that part of the world he was destined to spend his latter days. Partly from poverty, partly from failing health,¹ he left England in 1768, and he died at Leghorn in 1771. Here he wrote "Humphry Clinker," and it is pleasing to find that his humour had not lost its sparkle, even when the light of life was fading from his eyes.

Just before his dissolution, he wrote as follows to his celebrated friend, John Hunter—

"Leghorn, January 9th, 1771.

"With respect to myself I have nothing to say, but that if I can prevail upon

¹ It is said that he wrote four volumes of his Continuation of Hume's "History of England" in fourteen months.

my wife to execute my last will, you shall receive my poor carcass in a box, after I am dead, to be placed among your rarities. I am already so dry and emaciated that I may pass for an Egyptian mummy, without any other preparation than some pitch and painted linen; unless you think I may deserve the denomination of a curiosity in my own character, I mean that of your old friend, and affectionate humble servant."

Smollett had not only a misunderstanding at one time with Garrick, but with Rich, another patentee of Drury Lane, on whom he reflected in a satire. Rich occasionally resided in a house adjoining Sir Thomas Robinson's and Ranelagh. He is said, by some, to have been the inventor of pantomime. With more truth, it has been asserted that he never was surpassed in the character of harlequin, and that he carried the art of gesticulation to such excellence that it rivalled the expression of speech. He became one of the rulers of the theatrical

world, and brought out the "Beggars' Opera," which is said to have made Gay rich. Soon after his death, Garrick bestowed a well merited eulogium on the talents of his predecessor, and made an excuse for giving speech to his harlequin—

"But why a speaking harlequin? 'Tis wrong,
The wits will say, to give the fool a tongue.
When Lun appeared with matchless art and whim,
He gave the power of speech to every limb,
Though masked and mute, conveyed his quick intent,
And told in frolic gestures all he meant."

While speaking of the theatre, we may here mention Mossop, a clever but unfortunate actor, who died in this neighbourhood. He was an Irishman, the son of a clergyman, and originally intended for the Church. The stage had great attractions for him, and he hoped to rival Garrick; but failing, set up a theatre in Dublin, by which, and his love of gambling, he was ruined. He returned finally to London, but was too proud to ask Garrick for an engagement.

At last, he locked himself up in the wretched garret he occupied at Chelsea, refused admission to all, and was found dead in his bed from starvation.

CHAPTER X.

Stanley House—Lady Strathmore—Her Learned and Artistic Tastes—Bowes' Stratagems—Duel—He marries Lady Strathmore—His Cruelties—She obtains a Divorce.

WE have already spoken of Brickills, the house at Little Chelsea, which descended from Sir Arthur Gorges to the Stanleys, and was rebuilt in 1691.

Few houses recall the former beauties of Chelsea better than this. It is called Stanley Grove, and stands back from the road, surrounded by its own grounds, and now forms the centre of St. Mark's Training College,¹ being the residence of the Principal.

¹ For National Schoolmasters. It stands near the Chelsea railway-station.

The ancient part of the building can be easily recognised ; a square house with one storey over the ground floor, and windows in the roof. It is no great size—only five windows occupying the length, but the hall and staircase are wide, and the rooms are spacious and handsome, especially the dining room. The entrance to the latter is large, circular-headed, and adorned with wood carving.

This place was afterwards in the possession of a person who, in her days, was brought very prominently before the public, though not in the most agreeable manner. She was placed in a high position by inheriting a considerable amount of property from her father, and marrying the Earl of Strathmore. Moreover, she was beautiful, with brown hair, bright eyes, a fine complexion, and a figure tending to embonpoint. At the present day she would have ranked among the “strong-minded” sisterhood, and the Earl, who was “a good friend, a hearty Scotchman, and a good bottle-companion,” was glad to pur-

chase quietude by letting her have her own way. He would rather suffer anything than disoblige her, and the result was that, as she was fond of science and of studying languages, she filled the house with professors, artists, and "learned domestics." Botany was her chief delight, and she accordingly purchased Stanley House, at Chelsea,—“a fine old mansion, with an extent of ground well-walled in, where she planted exotics from the Cape, and was in a way of continually increasing her collection,”—in short, she intended to form a little paradise of flowers and a romantic retreat within easy reach of her house in Grosvenor Square. As the tastes of the Earl and Countess were so different, we are not surprised that after the Earl's death, which seems to have been precipitated by the above-mentioned “bottle,” none of his jovial friends were acceptable at the house. Even his relatives seem to have been disliked by her, and their enmity was the cause of much that followed. Soon after her lord's death she was frequently seen with

a Mr. Gray, and rumours were afloat in the fashionable world as to the character of their intimacy. In reality he was an accepted suitor, and as the Earl's relations did not wish her to marry, they began to publish letters reflecting on her conduct in various ways, with a hope of breaking off the connection. These productions appeared in "The Morning Print"—a paper which had a wide circulation at that day—and the editor was fair enough to admit answers on the other side, being, no doubt, more interested in the sale of his journal than in the good or bad repute of Lady Strathmore. At this juncture the hero, or rather the villain, of the story appears upon the scene. Mr. S——, who took the name of Bowes, was one of those men who calculate on making their fortune by marriage, and Lady Strathmore had some twenty thousand pounds a year, and several country seats, besides land in Middlesex. He had already succeeded in marrying a lady of property—a Miss Newton—and had been living at her ancestral place, Coal Pig Hill.

She did not long survive the ill-starred union—indeed, it is said that his cruelty hastened her death, and that he locked her up in a narrow closet for three days without any clothes, and only allowed her an egg a day. This was, no doubt, an exaggeration, but it shows of what people thought him capable. Having fixed his evil eye on Lady Strathmore, he began to revolve in his mind how to make advances to her, and although nearly a stranger, induce her to dismiss Gray and accept himself. He resorted to an ingenious device—he had a letter written in a lady's hand purporting to be a copy of one sent to himself upbraiding him for deserting her for Lady Strathmore, but professing herself glad to hear that the Countess was about to be married to Mr. Gray, who *was in communication with the Earl's relatives.*

The effect of this was well calculated, and he afterwards sent another letter purporting to have come from the same lady, saying that she would never rest till she had re-

gained his affections, which were being wasted upon the Countess. Bowes also obtained the good offices of Lady Strathmore's confidante, who lived with her, and of her chaplain—that young lady's affianced lover. He bribed her domestics, employed a conjurer to tell her fortune, and pretended to take a lively interest in her pets—for she was devoted to her dogs and cats, especially the latter, who went by the names of Jacintha, Angelica, and Pasiphae. Her enthusiasm in this respect may be conjectured from the following extract from one of her letters—

“Being very much indisposed, though thank the divinity of Pasiphae greatly better, and indeed almost well this evening—your wife takes the liberty of sending you a line enclosed—additional attack—though she cannot boast of perfect health.

“I expect your condolence on the death of my fourth and only remaining Bambino at Mrs. Moore's, who is gone loaded with the mangle to Heaven. I do not doubt there is an incessant scratching of Angels and pick-

ing of their wings, which will rather unharmonize the psalm-singing."

Bambino was a kitten. It appears that she commonly called her cats "her blessed angels," and "hoped never to go to heaven, unless she should meet them there."

But the best opportunity for Bowes occurred through the aspersions on Lady Strathmore in the "Morning Print." He came forward as the champion of the insulted fair one, and a hostile meeting took place between him and the Editor—apparently by previous arrangement, as they were both armed with pistols as well as swords. This occurred in a room at the Adelphi Tavern, and there were apparently no seconds, as the fighting was only stopped by a gentleman rushing in from an adjoining room, and calling assistance. This person was startled by hearing a discharge of fire-arms, and sounds of conflict, and on entering the room found them fencing in the dark—the candles having been knocked over in the fray. The mirror had been shivered

by a bullet, and both combatants were wounded and bleeding. Next day the Countess called upon Bowes, took away the sword with which he had defended her, and slept with it at the head of her bed. She was a poetess—had already published a drama, and her feelings on this occasion are well exhibited in the following effusion :—

ON THE NUPTIALS.

“ Unmoved, Maria saw the splendid suite
Of rival captives sighing at her feet,
Till in her cause his sword young S-r-y¹ drew,
And to revenge the gallant wooer flew !
Bravest among the brave ! and first to prove
By death ! or conquest ! who best knew to love !
But pale and faint the wounded lover lies,
While more than pity fills Maria's eyes !
In her soft breast, where passion long had strove,
Resistless sorrow fixed the reign of love !
' Dear youth,' she cries, ' we meet no more to part,
Then take thy honour's due—my bleeding heart.' ”

Bowes now pressed his suit for fear she should change her mind, and in four days they were married. It is said that they had

¹ Bowes' real name.

to purchase Mr. Gray's silence at the round sum of twelve thousand pounds.

We are told that Bowes was rather prepossessing in appearance, and for a time he treated the Countess with some consideration. But his ambition, selfishness, and extravagance soon led to misunderstandings. He became member for Newcastle, and entertained his friends sumptuously, while he deprived his wife of her carriages and jewellery, and reduced her so low that she was obliged to borrow her maid's clothes. He dismissed her literary friends, felled her ancient woods, and took possession of her property. His cruelty was only equalled by his immorality, and we read of his pinching her ears, throwing dishes of hot potatoes in her face, kicking her, and holding a knife to her throat. She was of a mild, tender disposition, and was so much alarmed at his violence that she scarcely dared to call for assistance. In short, his conduct seems to have been almost that of a maniac. We are told that he engaged a Chaplain, and upon

this gentleman saying grace after supper, and thanking God for his mercies, Bowes exclaimed, "D—— your mercies—I want none of them." He afterwards knocked him down for staying too long in the parlour after dinner, being angry, as it would appear, at his partaking of the second course.

At length the patience of the timid and long-suffering Countess was exhausted, and she applied for a divorce. A tipstaff was thereupon appointed to protect her, but still the daring and ingenuity of Bowes was not exhausted. He bribed the official, and induced him to pretend he had an order to take her to Lord Mansfield, and to place her in a carriage, in which Bowes drove her off to the north. He took her to Streatham Castle, and here by dreadful threats, and by placing a pistol to her head, tried to make her sign an order to stop proceedings against him in the Commons. But this time she was firm, although he bade her say her prayers, and prepare for death. As the

rumour spread, and people collected round the house, he procured a man and woman to personate himself and the Countess, which they did with so much success that the tipstaffs sent in pursuit actually served the writs on the wrong persons. Bowes had meanwhile fled on horseback across country, taking the Countess behind him on a pillion ; but he was at length surrounded by some country people, and on his drawing a pistol was knocked down with a hedge-stake. The Countess was so delighted to be thus relieved of him that she bade him, as he lay on the ground, a sort of dramatic adieu, bidding him farewell, and advising him to mend his life. She obtained her divorce, and it now appeared that just before her marriage she had taken the precaution to secure her paternal property. Bowes was fined and imprisoned three years in the King's Bench, and his castles and rents all melted away like " the baseless fabric of a dream."

CHAPTER XI.

Earl of Lindsey—Count Zinzendorf—Spiritual Knight-
 hood—The Count as a Preacher—As a Missionary—
 Determines to form a Moravian Centre in England—
 The “Pilgrim House”—Memorials of Zinzendorf—
 Later Tenants of Lindsey House.

NO structure reminds us so much of the rural character of old Chelsea as the bridge, which still crosses to Battersea. The last of its kind in London, it is built entirely of wood, with halting places at equal distances along its narrow roadway. Close to the ferry which this bridge superseded, stood Beaufort House, and to the west we here observe some large red-brick houses.

These formed originally but one large mansion called Lindsey House. The site

was previously occupied by the house of Mayerne. It is very probable that the foundations of Mayerne's house were retained under the grander edifice afterwards raised by Robert Bertie. This third Earl of Lindsey distinguished himself as a staunch royalist, and when his father was mortally wounded at Edgehill, surrendered himself that he might attend upon him; was wounded at Naseby, and afterwards lived in retirement until the Restoration. They were Lord High Chamberlains, and this third Earl's son was made Duke of Ancaster in 1715. Afterwards this house was successively occupied by Lord Conway,¹ married to a sister of Lady Walpole, and by Count Zinzendorf.

The man of whom we are now about to speak was in some respects more remarkable than anyone to whom we have referred. He awakens our sympathies in a greater degree, and seems to have existed

¹ His son, the Earl of Hertford, was born here in 1718.

in a clearer atmosphere above the cares and conflicts of the world. Actions guided by high motives, and hopes placed in heaven, give to man almost a divine character—

“Eternal sunshine settles on his head”—

and we cannot but honour the aspirations, though we may smile at some of the fancies of the enthusiast. Thus Zinzendorf, though little connected with worldly affairs, became a remarkable figure in history. From a child his eyes had been directed upwards; and he had also the gift of eloquence, and high intellectual endowments. He used to fancy in these early years that he was holding conversations with our Lord, to whom he would sometimes write letters, and throw them out of window to be borne to their destination. At other times he would assemble the household together and preach to them; and if he could find no better congregation, would range the chairs before him and deliver to them religious exhortations. Thus early his energy and devotion

became conspicuous. As he grew older his inquiring mind did not escape misgivings which for a time clouded his prospects; but he felt the testimony within him, and determined not to waste life on barren speculations, but to hold fast his faith, and employ his reason as a subsidiary, not as a primary source of action. Carrying out the same views at the University of Halle, he collected around him a little brotherhood of sympathizers, who bound themselves to follow as far as possible the doctrines of Christ, and especially to devote themselves to the conversion of the heathen. Out of these men he instituted a sort of spiritual knighthood, the members of which called themselves the "Slaves of Virtue," "The Confessors of Christ," and finally the "Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed." They wore a medal and ring, and the chief a cross, in the centre of which was a mustard plant grown into a tree.

Zinzendorf was not only a poet, but a

man of learning. He understood Greek and Hebrew, and could speak Latin fluently; but his favourite language was French, in which he generally wrote. During his visit to Holland he acquired English. We may justly regard him as the great representative of Catholicity, for the chief aim of his life was to unite together in Christ all churches, whether Protestant or Romanist. When in Paris, where, owing to his noble birth, he was able to mix in the best society, he was especially pleased with some of the prelates and monks, and was a frequent guest at the table of the learned and large-minded Cardinal Noailles. He differed from them in doctrine, but he disliked argument, and preferred to stand upon ground where they could all agree. So broad were his views that he even interceded with Charles VI. for a sect that rejected the scriptures, and he sometimes defended in their distress those who had violently attacked him. We need not be surprised, therefore, to find that he offered an asylum on his property to

the Moravians, who differing from the Romanists in allowing the books of scripture to be read, and in having service performed in the vulgar tongue, fled from persecution towards the end of the eighteenth century. Zinzendorf by degrees came to be so well known that in the natural course of things he had many enemies, and owing to some disorder occasioned by a colony which had not been under his patronage, but under that of his aunt, sentence of banishment was pronounced against him. His wife, however, continued to live in Saxony, and to attend to the interests of the Moravian settlement, while he, like the Apostles in time of persecution, went everywhere preaching the word. At Berlin he threw open his spacious rooms to an eager congregation, the crowd being so great that a large garret had to be made available. He had already been consecrated a bishop, and speaking of his addresses at this time, says :

“My preparation is the wretchedness and poverty I feel during the hour before I speak ;

this sometimes reaches such a point that, when I am going up to the garret, I hardly know where I am ; but the moment I begin, I feel the coals from the altar. . . . I have never before spoken with such freedom as I do here. My hearers often shed tears, and even the soldiers weep with the rest."

Zinzendorf had an interesting correspondence on religious subjects with Frederick William shortly before the death of that King. He prosecuted his missionary work in many countries, and even preached to the negroes in America, which greatly irritated the white population. In Pennsylvania, he carried on his work among the settlers and the Indians, and the latter conspired to murder him. In Holland he found the pastors arrayed against him. The missionary labours among the negroes had brought Zinzendorf's community into connection with the Wesleys, and although there were points of difference between them, the Moravians in England suffered afterwards from being confounded with the Methodists. To place matters on a better footing in this

country Zinzendorf came over here in 1747, and obtained in 1749 a recognition by Parliament of the Community of Brethren to be called "Unitas Fratrum." Those of its members who had scruples about taking oaths, or serving in the army, were to be exempted from such requirements. He was brought into communication here with the leading men of the time, and purchased from Lord Granville one hundred thousand acres of land for a colony in North Carolina. In 1750 the Count determined to form a Moravian centre in England, and he hired a piece of ground at Chelsea to erect a building for the accommodation of three hundred families, who were to work at a factory.¹ As part of the scheme he purchased Lindsey House, and

¹ There was already a settlement of foreign Protestants at Chelsea. About two years after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, we find some French settlers here, who had a chapel now belonging to the Nonconformists. It stands opposite to Glebe Place, and is a tiny structure about fifteen feet high, having round-headed windows, with thick wooden mullions and a large skylight in the centre of the roof.

obtained from Sir Hans Sloane for a graveyard part of the gardens of Beaufort House—the stables of which he made into a chapel. It is melancholy to record that one of the first interments which took place in this ground was that of Zinzendorf's adopted daughter, Maria Theresa Stonehouse, who died in 1751. But a more severe trial awaited him. His only son, a young man of great promise, who acted as his father's secretary, fell into a desponding state of mind—partly from physical causes, partly from an overwhelming sense of sin, and died in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, while Lindsey House was being prepared. His mother came over from Saxony to be present on the sad occasion of his funeral. On the outer wall of the chapel (now a school) these bereavements are commemorated on two small tablets—one bearing the name of Christian Renatus, Count of Zinzendorf and Pollendorf, born December, 1727, departed May 28, 1752.—and the other that of Maria Theresa Stonehouse.

This settlement, which was to be called Sharon, did not succeed ; but Lindsey House was occupied by Count Zinzendorf, who made it a centre for the Moravian community in England. Here conferences were held with the representatives of the English and German fraternities, a printing press was established and constantly employed, and at an English Synod held here in 1754, John Gambold, the minister of the brethren's church in London, was consecrated a bishop. At this meeting the Countess of Zinzendorf is said to have been present.

The brethren who inhabited this house were mostly missionaries, for whom it was intended that this should be a kind of "pilgrim house," and temporary home. The mansion, with its great number of rooms and large halls for meetings, was admirably chosen for this purpose, and the wainscoting of the grand staircase was adorned by Haidt, a German artist, with portraits and scenes from the history of the Moravians.

These designs are still preserved at the Mis-

House, in Fetter Lane, as well as the old chairs with their low broad seats, carved backs and claw feet. Here round the walls hang the portraits of venerable bishops of the fraternity, and there is a picture of the well-known George Smith teaching the natives of the Cape the use of the spade. The full length of a small boyish-looking man is the likeness of the first convert in Greenland, and the two negroes are the first-fruits of labours in the island of St. Thomas. Not less interesting are the portraits of the Count himself—here we see him at a meeting of American Indians—a young man of commanding mien and stature, closely shaven, with fair sunny curls round his forehead, and attired in a long light blue coat. In another picture he is surrounded by savages with drawn knives, and has a serpent twining round his neck—referring, no doubt, to some position of peril in his history. In this house is a collection of text-books, containing portions of scripture for every day in the year—the idea originated with the Count—

which have been published annually for one hundred and fifty years. He died at Hernhutt, his beloved colony in Saxony, surrounded by the brethren and sisters, and was laid on the Hutberg hill above it. The spot is marked by a single stone without ornament, but with an inscription commencing with the words :—

“ Here lie the bones of a man
Whose memory will never fade.”¹

Count Zinzendorf's celebrity rests on so solid a foundation that it is unnecessary to conceal that he had in some respects the weakness of an enthusiast. He believed that he had a gift of prophecy, could cure diseases by prayer, and that he even by that means kept off sea-sickness when he was going to America. His self-sacrifice was so great that he gave up to a friend a young lady whom he had intended to marry, and even composed a cantata to be performed at

¹ See Bovet's "Banished Count," and Cranz's "History of the Brethren."

the wedding. He objected to playing at cards for money, unless the winnings were to be given to the poor, or expended in buying Bibles for them.

Lindsey House is still a noble memorial of the past. It stands a few yards above Battersea Bridge, close to the Thames. This grand block of buildings now forms five good houses, and, owing to the original plan, those at either end project slightly, and are ornamented with stone dressings. Over each of these there was formerly a gable, but otherwise the tall tiled roof with its windows is intact. There seems to be no trace of the original grand entrance, but in the second house—97, Cheyne Walk, Mr. Boggett's residence—there is a broad substantial staircase with a handsome balustrade, which was probably that of the old house. The drawing-room is lofty and of handsome proportions, and the mantel-piece it contains, of red marble,¹ is supposed to have been there in the time of the Moravian occupation.

¹ Supposed to be Belgian.

By the staircase now stands an electric clock, which is in itself a curiosity, as there are few in existence, and perhaps none that have remained so long. It is worked by the currents of the earth, and has been going for thirty-five years. The two westernmost houses have been converted into one, and are occupied by Mr. Mitford. In his house there are two handsome old mantel-pieces, one of green, and the other of red marble, beautifully veined; they have no shelves, and the pattern is a simple scroll. There are similar mantel-pieces put in by Wren at Hampton Court, and hence it might be concluded that he built Lindsey House, but the style was common at the day, and there are specimens of it in Paradise Row. Martin, the painter, lived in one of the centre houses, and was here visited by Prince Albert. The easternmost (No. 96) is now in the occupation of Mr. Sidney Morse. Here there is an old narrow side entrance curiously vaulted, and at present adorned with some fresco sketches of masts and

sails by Mr. Whistler, who lately resided here. In the back drawing-room is a very fine oaken door, the case of which is surrounded with an edge of beautifully foliated carving. There is a press door beside it of a similar character, showing that the decorations of the old house were not only costly, but very elegant in design. This house at one time contained the magnificent collection of jewels, shells, engravings, &c., belonging to Henry Constantine Jennings. He expended all his means in this manner, and died within the rules of the King's Bench. It is said that when in Italy, he suggested to the Marquis of Blandford the idea of forming the celebrated collection known as the "Marlborough Gems."

There is a tradition that the first Italian Opera in this country was performed at Lindsey House, which is not impossible, as it was built in the time of Charles II. Opposite Lindsey House we can form a good idea of what the frontage of Cheyne Walk was before the Chelsea Embankment was

made. Here we have the narrow roadway, the low brick wall, the long shelving strand at ebb tide, and just in front of the house are the boats and the remains of the water stairs—some of the oldest in London—partly still adhering to the walls, partly strewing the river-bed with blocks of stone.

CHAPTER XII.

Old English Gardens—Botanical Gardens—Turner and
 Tusser—Medicinal Herbs—Garden of the Apothecaries
 Company—Philip Miller—John Martyn—"Aurora"—
 Earthquake at Chelsea—The Pavilion—Garden of the
 Clock House—Descriptive Letter from Mr. Mitford.

OUR ancestors seem to have been fonder
 than we are of that learned

"Leisure

Which in trim gardens takes his pleasure,"

and they derived their taste perhaps from
 the monks, who loved meditation in cloisters
 better than physical exercise. The ideas
 about laying out gardens were also different
 from ours; they endeavoured to assimilate
 them to courts and arcades. Following the
 Italian style, which was geometric and

architectural, fountains and summer houses were surrounded by clipped hedges and trees cut in figures. The mansion stood upon an unbroken grass sward, and the flowers and devices had a distinct place for themselves.

Lord Bacon mentions, only to condemn as childish, the artificial garden-ornaments then in fashion, such as "statues, images cut out of juniper, and fountains in the form of feathers, drinking glasses, and canopies." At the same time he approves of a mound some thirty feet high in the centre of a pleasure-ground, and of a fine banqueting houses with some chimneys neatly cut, and without too much glass." "Great houses," he says, should have gardens for every month of the year," and he suggests planting for the sake of fragrance, recommending especially for this purpose the sweet-brier and violet.

Although horticulture was first encouraged by the monastic orders, who kept up intercourse with foreign countries, little progress seems to have been made until the latter

half of the reign of Henry VIII. The superior education that Henry's children received may have led to Queen Mary's being the first Monarch who took an interest in obtaining plants from abroad, and to Elizabeth's largely increasing our store.

The earliest botanic garden of which we have any notice is that of the Duke of Somerset, at Syon House, in the commencement of the sixteenth century. It was under the superintendence of Dr. Turner, whom Dr. Pulteney considers to have been the father of English botany. This gentleman was a fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, a physician and a clergyman, eventually becoming Dean of Wells, but at one time a Member of Parliament. He had a botanical garden at his Deanery, and wrote in 1551 a "Herball," a learned classical and medical work adorned with illustrations.

The next writer on the subject was Tusser, who was buried in St. Mildred's, Poultry, *i.e.* in the old church, which stood on the site of that of Wren, which has lately been

demolished, opposite the Royal Exchange. Fuller describes him as "a musician, school-master, serving-man, husbandman, grazier, poet; more skilful in all than thriving in any vocation; he spread his bread with all sorts of butter but none would stick thereon." This versatile man, writing between 1572 and 1577, mentions "lavender, bayes, collenbines, champions, daffadownhillies, sweet-bryer, flower-de-luce, flower-armour, larkes-foot, laus-tibi, lilies, paggles green and yellow, pinkes, rosemary, roses of all sorts, snapdragons, sopps-in-wine, sweete-william, sweete-johns, star of Bethlehem, star of Jerusalem, velvet flowers or French marig. yellow and white violets, and poppies."

The first important development of horticulture had for its object, not so much to please the eye as to improve the health. In those days there were people who believed in the magical charms of herbs; and in the absence of better medicaments many plants were supposed to possess curative properties.

Even the Druids are thought to have had some method in their madness, and in searching the vegetable world for spells, not to have been forgetful of anodynes. And, notwithstanding our wider experience, aconite, digitalis, gentian, and many others still hold a prominent place in our pharmacopœia. But the virtues ascribed to the greater number of plants were found to be exaggerated or purely imaginary. The peony was thought so valuable that it was named after a famous physician, who was fabled to have cured the wounds the gods received at the Trojan war, and to have been eventually transformed into that flower. The Canterbury bell was supposed to cure swellings and inflammation in the throat, and was hence called "throate wort." Milton mentions it in his poem on the Death of Damon.

"There thou shalt cull me simples, and shalt teach
Thy friend the name and healing powers of each.
From the tall blue-bell to the dwarfish weed,
What the dry land and what the marshes breed."

The virtues of columbine were greatly extolled; every part of the plant was thought efficacious for some complaint. It was considered a cure for the plague. Gerarde says that "conserve of the flowers of clove gelloflower and sugar is a good cordial, and comforts the hart." Of Golden Rod he tells us, "It is extolled above all other herbes for the stopping of blood in sanguinolent ulcers and bleeding wounds, and hath in times past been had in greater estimation and regarde than in these daies; for within my remembrance I have knowne the drie herbe, which came from beyond the seas, solde in Bucklers-burie in London, for half a crown an ounce." From the lily of the valley the wonderful golden water was distilled which was supposed to give strength to the limbs.

It was this belief and desire for vegetable anodynes that led to the establishment of those "physic gardens," of which that at Chelsea became the most famous; and researches made on this account led to

the introduction of a great many plants, afterwards prized merely for form and colour. Gerarde says in 1597 that his "loving friend and master, James Garret, a curious searcher of simples and learned Apothecary of London," had for twenty years been sowing the seeds of tulips to increase their varieties. At first it was thought they might have medicinal properties, but this was not found to be the case; fortunately so in some instances, as at first persons often mistook them for onions, and we read of a Dutch merchant who, having only a salt herring for his breakfast, and seeing some bulbs like onions on a counter, took up a handful and ate them with his fish. They were rare tulips, and this is supposed to have been the most costly breakfast ever made. Tulips in the middle of the seventeenth century obtained incredible prices in Holland; we hear of as much as five thousand pounds having been given for a root.

Steele humorously observes that Don

Saltero traced his descent from John Tradescant—a Dutchman fond of all kinds of “rarities.” This man established a Museum named Tradescant’s Ark,¹ but it was only a part of a general scheme and stood in the botanical garden he had formed in Lambeth; the third in this country, and only preceded by those of Tusser and Gerarde.

Almost at the same time the botanical garden at Oxford was founded by the Earl of Danby, and was called the “Physic Garden, for the improvement of the faculty of medicine.”

It appears also that there was a Medical Garden at Westminster in 1658, from which the Apothecaries’ Company, who took it, removed the plants to Chelsea.

Next in order comes the garden of which we are about to speak, established by the Apothecaries’ Company, who deserved the more credit for this enterprise inasmuch as

¹ His son bestowed it upon Elias Ashmole, whence the present collection so called. The father was gardener to Charles I.

it was undertaken soon after the destruction of their central hall by the Great Fire of London. They obtained from Mr. Cheyne, in 1673, a lease of four acres of land in Chelsea.

At that time it was customary for the City corporations to have magnificent barges decorated with gold and colours, and this ground close to the river was taken as a convenient site for a barge-house, but we may conclude there was also some intention of laying out a garden here, for next year several members proposed to wall in Chelsea Gardens, at their own expense, if the company would give two pounds a year to each of the six "herborizings."

These herborizings were botanical excursions made in the vicinity of London, or farther into the country, by members and apprentices of the Apothecaries' Company. They are said to have been inaugurated by Thomas Johnson, the editor of old "Gerarde's Herbal," and this system of instruction was afterwards adopted by Linnæus. The

parties walked long distances, accompanied by a teacher, collecting wild plants, and it is amusing at the present day to hear of their selecting specimens between London and Islington.¹

Chelsea was conveniently near London, and the air then more favourable to vegetation than it has been since the greater increase of the town. Bowack gives a strange reason for the selection of the site; he says, "the soil has a peculiar tendency to produce curious plants, whence the Botanists of the Apothecaries' Society placed their garden here."

In August, 1685, we find Evelyn going to see Mr. Watts, the keeper of the Apothecaries' "Garden of Simples" at Chelsea, and being astonished at the "innumerable rarities," especially the annuals. He noticed the tree bearing Jesuit's bark,² a medicine

¹ A most interesting account of these excursions is given by Dr. Semple in a privately printed history of Chelsea Garden.

² Sir Hans Sloane, who was studying here at this time,

much recommended for ague. He was also greatly impressed with the ingenuity exhibited in the conveyance of hot air through vaulted brickwork under the conservatory, "so that the doors and windows could be open in the hardest frost."

It appears from a report in the *Archæologia* that a few years later the garden was laid out in those riband borders, and other artificial forms, which Bacon so much condemned:—¹

"Chelsea Physick Garden has great variety of plants both in and out of greenhouses. Their perennial green hedges and rows of different coloured herbs are very pretty, had afterwards such a high opinion of this bark that he extended the use of it to other diseases. We find Lord Shaftesbury, who lived at Chelsea, recommending it to Furley, "taken in syrup of violets or of red or white poppies;" he also mentions with approval syrup of quinces and conserve of red roses.

¹ Southey observes that edgings for parterres formed of daisies, lavender, or such like, were introduced at the beginning of the seventeenth century from the Italian and French.

and so are their banks set with shades of herbs in the Irish stitch-way, but many plants in the garden were not in so good order as might be expected, and as would have been answerable to other things in it. After I had been there, I heard that Mr. Watts, the keeper of it, was blamed for his neglect, and that he would be removed."

The cultivation of orange and lemon trees in houses which were glazed in front, but not overhead, formed a leading feature in the horticulture of the time. The first mention of orange-trees¹ in England is that of those in Beddington Gardens, belonging to Sir Francis Carew, and supposed to have been brought over by Raleigh, who was married to his niece. In 1691 these Gardens, rented by the Duke of Norfolk, were remarkable for containing a conservatory above two hundred feet long, where the orange-trees were nearly one hundred years old, and produced the previous year ten

¹ In 1721 we read of a great sale of orange and lemon trees at Mr. Fraser's, near the Church, Chelsea.

thousand oranges. The gardens themselves were in the stiff Italian style. That of Sir S. Fox at Chiswick, planned by Evelyn, excelled for a fair gravel walk betwixt two yew hedges with rounds and spires of the same, all under smooth tonsure. "At the far end are two myrtle hedges that cross the garden; they are about three feet high, and covered in winter with painted board cases." The other gardens in the grounds were "full of flowers and salleting."

We observe from the above that, although the primary object in the establishment of the Physic Garden was the growth of plants for relieving pain, the cultivation of flowers for affording pleasure was by no means overlooked. There was also another object—that of teaching classification; and an account of this garden in which the systems of Ray, Linnæus, and Decandolle were successively adopted, would form a little history of Botany.

The large cedar which at present adorns the grounds, is the last of four which were

planted, three feet high, in 1683—the year after the foundation of the hospital. When Sir Joseph Banks measured the two remaining in 1793, the girth of the larger wanted only half an inch of thirteen feet.¹

When tea was a comparative novelty in this country, specimens of the plant were exhibited in this garden. Horace Walpole writing to Sir Horace Mann in 1743, says :—

“For the tea-trees, it is my brother Edward’s fault, whom I desired, as he was in Chelsea, to get some from the Physic Garden; he forgot it, but now that I am in town myself, if possible you shall have some seed.”

We may also conclude from the following stanza, in one of the quaint hymns published by Zinzendorf in 1749, for the use of the Moravian brethren in England, that the Count was familiar with this garden before he decided upon forming an establishment in its neighbourhood :—

¹ In 1853 one of these fine old trees was blown down, and the other is gradually decaying in the branches.

“ Who yesterday, with that dear man,
Have slept to rise to-day,
Enter their labours fresh again,
Eat bread and then drink tea.
The Physick Garden wherein grows
The love-feast Tea for all the house,
In his side-hole—

The botanical world owes a great debt of gratitude to the Apothecaries' Company for the encouragement they have given to the study of plants at a great expense to themselves. They founded a library here, and in 1732 not only built a greenhouse and two hothouses at a cost of two thousand pounds, but they assigned twenty pounds per annum for sending a student to Georgia to collect specimens.¹ It would be impossible here to

¹ In 1853 the large building containing the hall and other offices was demolished, and a small house built for the gardener. There was at that time some idea of abandoning the establishment altogether from financial considerations, and the office of Demonstrator was abolished, together with the instructive lectures and pleasant herborizings. The herbaria were given to the British Museum. But the prizes for the study of botany were

do justice to the eminent botanists who have received emolument or instruction from this establishment, in whose honour many flowers at the present day may be said to "bear the names of kings."

One of the earliest students at this garden was young Hans Sloane, who, when he came as a boy from Ireland to study medicine, took up his abode in a house adjoining the laboratory of the Apothecaries' Society. The account he brought back after his voyage to Jamaica in 1687 greatly interested the botanists, and consequently Sir Arthur Rawdon sent James Herbert to that island, who returned with nearly a cargo of living and dried specimens. Some of these were given to the Chelsea gardens, and were introduced at Badminton—no doubt owing to the connection of the Duke of Beaufort with Chelsea, although he had now retired to his seat in Gloucestershire.

continued, and lately they have been thrown open to ladies, while considerable improvements have been made in the garden.

The well-known attachment which Sloane had for this botanic garden, and the zeal with which he followed his studies, have led to his detractors turning it into ridicule. Dr. King, the wit, in his "Journey to London," gives with much gravity the following account of it:—

"I was at Chelsea, where I took particular notice of these plants in the greenhouse at that time—as *Urtica maleolens Japonica*, the stinking nettle of Japan, *Goosberia sterilis Armeniæ*, the Armenian gooseberry bush that bears no fruit—this had been potted thirty years—*Cordis quies Persiæ*, which the English call heart's-ease or love in idleness—a very curious plant—*Brambelia fructificans Laplandiæ*, or the blooming bramble of Lapland—with a hundred other curious plants—as a particular collection of briars and thorns, which were some part of the curse of Creation."

By 1712 Hans Sloane had become successful and purchased the Manor of Chelsea, and two years afterwards we find the

Garden Committee proposing to negotiate with him for the ground.

A few years later, when a baronet, he gave the Apothecaries' Company a freehold of the premises, upon condition that they should pay a quit rent of five pounds per annum (the former rent) for ever, use the grounds as a physic garden, and deliver annually to the Royal Society fifty specimens grown in it, until the number amounted to two thousand.¹ He also contributed towards the expense of building the hot-houses, and the stairs at the water-gate—for before the embankment in 1870 the gardens reached down to the river. In recognition of these benefactions, the Society erected to him in his lifetime the handsome statue which now stands in the centre of the garden.

No account of this garden can be complete

¹ Specimens of curious exotics had previously been sent to the Royal Society by Watts as early as 1682. In 1774 two thousand five hundred and fifty specimens had been contributed, but they continued to be sent at intervals until 1791.

which omits the name of Philip Miller—a man who, by learning and industry, raised himself, not indeed to wealth, but to a high position in the scientific world. He became an F.R.S.; and at his death the Fellows of the Linnæan and Horticultural Society erected to his memory the monument which is now conspicuous in the graveyard of Chelsea Church. It was his pride in his old age to say that he had seen Ray. As gardener to the Apothecaries' establishment in this place, he drew up (1730) the first published catalogue of the officinal plants here cultivated, adopting the simple division into herbs, under-shrubs, and trees. This arrangement was that of Ray.

But a greater honour was conferred upon him and upon Chelsea when Linnæus visited this garden in 1736. This distinguished man instructed Miller in his more elaborate classification of plants, which the latter adopted in his celebrated "Gardener's Dictionary," a work translated into French, Dutch, and German. Mr. Miller allowed

Linnæus to collect specimens in his garden, and presented him with some he had himself preserved, and Linnæus testified his appreciation of Miller's acquirements by naming after him a genus of plants—*Milleria*.

The Swedish naturalist only visited two gardens in England—that at Chelsea, and that at Oxford, at which latter place the Professorship of Botany had just been founded by Dr. William Sherard. His brother, James Sherard, was one of the Committee for the management of Chelsea Garden, and was a great friend of the celebrated Petiver, who was Demonstrator here. Their memories survive in two classes of plants named after them—one called *Petiveria*, the other *Sherardia*—the latter a common flower in our corn-fields. They were accustomed to go on botanizing excursions together, and in Petiver's MSS., there is an amusing description of their being entertained at Winchelsea by the Mayor. As there was no wine in the place, the Mayoress made them some excellent

punch, and several bowls of it, "each bowl," in the guests' opinion, "being better than the former one."

Mr. Philip Miller received the seeds of mignonette from Dr. Adrian Van Rozen of Leyden, and cultivated it here at Chelsea in 1752, whence it was taken into the gardens of the London florists. It had been previously grown in 1742 at Old Windsor.

Under the direction of this scientific man, Mr. (afterwards Sir Joseph) Banks here commenced his botanical researches. Mrs. Banks, his mother, lived at Chelsea, close to the gardens, and on the river in front, he and Lord Sandwich often amused themselves with fishing by day and night. He became afterwards a most liberal contributor to the gardens, sent them more than five hundred different kinds of seeds collected during his voyages round the world, and when some rock-work was being constructed with stones from the Tower of London, he

sent as an addition some lava he had brought from a volcano in Iceland.¹

Several notices of these celebrated gardens are met with in the literature of the time. Johnson in the "Rambler" makes Polyphilus—a sort of universal genius—while studying superficially a great many sciences, go to see a new plant in flower at Chelsea.

The following letter is in an article written in the Grub Street Journal.²

"Chelsea, May 2nd, 1730.

"Mr. Bavius,

"Your learned Society having for some

¹ Mrs. Blackwell lived for many years opposite the Physic Garden, to avail herself of the advantages it offered for making sketches of rare plants. Her celebrated "Herbal" contained five hundred engravings. She undertook this employment to extricate her husband, who had been thrown into prison for debt. Dr. Blackwell wrote on agriculture, and seems to have been a clever but unprincipled man. He left Chelsea to go to Sweden as physician to the King, but when there joined in a conspiracy against the Government. After undergoing various tortures he confessed his guilt, and was sentenced to be broken on the wheel, but was beheaded in 1747.

² For which Pope secretly wrote.

ages claimed a right to publishing accounts of wonders, I desire to lay before you one which lately happened in this place. A lady who had for some time lost the use of her speech, was directed in a dream to come to the Physic Garden here, and eat a plant; the form of which and place of growth were at the same time revealed to her. In obedience to this vision she came, and, though a stranger to the place, went directly to the plant, ate heartily of it, and made signs for a draught of water; upon the drinking of which the use of her tongue was immediately restored."

"Our correspondent proceeds here to communicate the name of the plant, and give a learned description of it; but our Society were unanimous in their opinion that the name of so pernicious a plant ought to be suppressed."

The article from which this is taken is signed B., denoting that it was written by John Martyn. This gentleman was attracted to Chelsea by the Physic Garden,

and from a boy had been devoted to the study of botany. His father was a merchant, and wished him to follow the more lucrative occupation, but the youth's taste was fostered by his intimacy with Wilmer, the apothecary, who afterwards became reader in the botanic garden at Chelsea. Martyn cultivated his favourite science in all the hours he could spare from the counting-house, and soon began to undertake long pedestrian excursions for the purpose of collecting specimens. In conjunction with several learned men, he instituted an association in London called the Botanical Society, of which he was made secretary. He delivered lectures on Botany, and was elected a member of the Royal Society. But Chelsea he found possessed other flowers besides these growing in the Apothecaries' Garden, and he became fascinated with the charms of Eulalia, the youngest daughter of the rector, Dr. King. There he found not only a wife, but a home, in the

house of this excellent divine,¹ just above the White Horse Inn in Church Lane. After his marriage he principally devoted himself to medical duties.

Martyn wrote many works on natural history, and communicated to the Royal Society interesting accounts of three Auroræ seen from his house at Chelsea in March, 1739, January, 1750, and February, 1750. The report he made of the second is as follows :—

“ January 23, 1749 at about half an hour after five in the evening, casting my eye accidentally towards a window which looked to the south-south-west, I thought I saw a reddish light about the planet Venus, which then shone exceedingly bright. Being suspicious of some fire in the neighbourhood I went immediately to a window on the staircase where I saw a reddish light, which

¹ To whom historians of Chelsea owe a debt of gratitude. He wrote a memoir of Sir T. More, and a letter concerning his house at Chelsea. Martyn lived twenty years in Church Street.

shone with such exceeding brightness that the lustre of the five constellations of Orion was almost effaced. I then went to a window facing the north-north-east, where I presently saw a very broad band of crimson light, like that which I observed from the same window, March 18, 1738-9. But in the former the red band was bounded on the north by streams of a greenish blue, whereas the band now observed was entirely of a deep crimson colour, being of a much darker red than the former.

“Thence I withdrew into my garden, where I plainly saw a band or arch of a very deep crimson colour in appearance, about fifteen degrees broad, the southern edge of which passed just above *Canis minor* and the shoulders of Orion. It was terminated to the westward near *Venus*, then about two hundred degrees high; but it extended to the eastward as far as I could see, the farther it went that way the deeper the colour, and the broader the band. About a quarter before eight there was formed a

crown about thirty degrees to the southward of the zenith. From this a great many rays darted to the east, south, and west, but not towards north, where only some whitish streaks were to be seen, but very faint. Presently after this, the part of the arch extending to the east seemed to be suddenly kindled as if some train had been fired, grew extremely bright and vivid, and, as if all the red matter had been then consumed, put an end to the phenomenon before eight."

In the notice of the aurora which occurred on the 16th of Febrnary in this year, he says that the weather was exceedingly warm for the season—"The walls are covered with blossoms, and the hyacinths, daffodils, &c., are blown before the usual time."

He also sent accounts of two shocks of earthquakes, which were felt here about the same time (1750)—the first in February and the second in March. Of the first he writes, "It was felt here at four o'clock after noon. All the houses were violently shaken, especially those which are nearest

to the river. I was sitting in my study, which fronts the south-west, up one pair of stairs. I imagined that something heavy had fallen down in the room below me. The servants, who happened to be dispersed in several rooms, each of them thought that one of the others had thrown down some heavy chest or cabinet. A maid-servant who happened to be passing from one of the under offices to another felt the ground shake under her. As the place on which her feet were was full six feet below the surface, I immediately concluded that such a motion must be caused only by an earthquake. . . . It seems to have extended itself far to the east, but to have terminated in the west about two miles beyond this place."

Chelsea has been long celebrated for its gardens; the white moss rose is said to have been first found at Old Brompton.¹ On the

¹ The Brompton stock is well known. No doubt horticulture was much improved by the French gardeners who settled here after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685

north of the King's Road, where Colville Terrace and Keppel Street now extend opposite the Royal Avenue, there were two nursery grounds much frequented by the rank and fashion of London.¹ The passage, which divided these two flowery domains, went by the name of "Butterfly Alley." A nonagenarian friend tells me that, at the commencement of this century, Chelsea was celebrated for its pinks, and that he often bought them here.

While upon this subject, we may mention the pleasure grounds of the Pavilion. A great improvement was made in the northern part of Chelsea in 1777, when Mr. Holland took a lease from Lord Cadogan, of one hundred acres, called Blacklands. It extended from the West of Lowndes Square to Marlborough Road, and from Knightsbridge Road to the Five Fields. The buildings erected on this site were called Hans Town, and included Sloane

¹ At the commencement of this century nearly all the King's Road was occupied by florists and nurserymen.

Street, Sloane Square, Cadogan Place and Hans Place. Mr. Holland retained twenty acres in his own hands, where he built a residence, and laid out gardens for his own occupation. After his death, this place was purchased by Peter Denys. Lady Charlotte Denys, sister of Lord Pomfret, lived here after her husband's decease, and the Pavilion became celebrated for the works of art it contained, and the beauty of its grounds. The approach was from Hans Place, through an avenue of elms. The house formed three sides of a square, and contained a magnificent concert-room, fifty feet long by thirty feet wide. Before the south front an artificial lake had been formed, and on the west stood an imitation of the ruins of an ancient Priory, which in the last century delighted all beholders, and showed a lingering taste for the old architectural garden adornments. In this case everything had been done to connect artifice with reality. The stone mullions and reliefs had been brought from Cardinal

Wolsey's residence at Esher, and the bricks from some old houses, lately demolished, on the north side of Westminster Abbey. The rest was in a more modern style; the shrubberies were skilfully arranged, and the trees planted to exclude the view of the surrounding houses, and make the little paradise look as extensive as possible.

We have already mentioned one of Sir Hans Sloane's servants, who became the celebrated Don, and we now have occasion to refer to another, one Howard, a Quaker,¹ who presided over the demolition of Beau-

¹ He was the last person in charge of Beaufort House, where he had some trouble, for Sir Hans Sloane sold the materials of the building to some dishonest men, who commenced removing them before they had paid the stipulated price. Howard succeeded in stopping their nocturnal proceedings by having a deep trench dug in front of the house. Miss Hawkins says that Howard's house was a lodge to the stable-gate of Beaufort House, a statement confirmed by Kip's view. The gateway remains at the entrance of the Moravian burial-ground, but the clock-house, which stood on the north side, was taken down a few years since.

fort House, and lived at the little dwelling, once its lodge, afterwards at the entrance of the Moravian Burial Ground. This house acquired the name of the Clock House, because Howard's younger brother (or, as I should think, nephew), who made the present Church clock, set up a clock over his door. This second Howard also kept a physic garden, which derived advantages from the vicinity to the Apothecaries' Garden.¹ He and his sister seem to have been blessed with an unusual length of days. The following interesting "Note," I have found among some manuscripts collected by Faulkner, the historian of Chelsea. It was written by the Rev. John Mitford, of Benhall, Suffolk, who seems to have taken an interest in gardens. I think it better to publish it in full. The date is October 6, 1828.

¹ To the same vicinity we may perhaps attribute the immense wistarias on the Hospital, and on some of the houses in Cheyne Walk. They must have been planted among the first that came over, early in the last century.

“ THE GARDEN OF THE CLOCK-HOUSE.

“ This ground formed part of the ancient gardens of the mansion of Sir Thomas More. Subsequently, it belonged to Beaufort House; and has probably remained under regular cultivation ever since. It can be traced afterwards into the possession of Sir Hans Sloane, from whom it came into the hands of the family (Howard) that now hold it by lease.

“ This is one of the oldest gardens in the vicinity of London, and is cultivated now as it was half a century since. The walls are covered with ancient fig-trees, and fine old vines of the choicest sort. Vines also are grown on treillages (trellises?) near the walks. This is a mode of culture now passed away, and bespeaks a reliance on summers warmer and more genial than those of the present time. There are four large and standard pomegranates, some of which are in full flower at this present time; these fine and beautiful plants, in modern gar-

dens, have always the warmth and protection of a wall; but they were formerly grown like the present specimens in the open border. A remarkable shrub that adorns the venerable garden is a large *Camellia Japonica* growing in the open grounds, without even the protection of a wall. It is of the single red species, apparently uninjured by the severity of our winter, and may be considered, at least in this part of England, as a remarkable curiosity. Near the entrance is a most beautiful specimen of the *Gleditsia Triacanthos* of unusual size, at least I have never seen it equalled, but by two trees of the same species that are in the gardens of Lord Tankerville at Walton Bridge. And here I may be permitted to add that close to the road side, in the field opposite to what was Mrs. Fitzherbert's house at Battersea, are two unrivalled specimens of the *Gleditsia Horrida*. They seem to have been lately headed down, are in a state of decay from great age, and will probably be soon destroyed.

“ Mrs. Howard’s garden possesses a fine plant of the *Althæa Frutex*, the *Arbutus*, and *Myrtle*; these exotic shrubs flourish here in perfect health and beauty. A *Calycanthus Floridus*, still in full vigour, is known to have been here more than sixty years; but the oldest tree in the garden is the mulberry, now decaying fast, and which, probably, must have seen more than two centuries.

“ The profits attending the cultivation of this small and curious garden are chiefly drawn from the sale of fruit, and the distillation of waters, which used to be considered as possessing great medicinal virtues. They formerly were as much esteemed and as widely sold as the drugs of the Apothecary. The venerable old lady, who resides at the Clock House, and whose lease of the ground and of her life is alike fast drawing to a close, remembers the old-fashioned families in the country coming with their coaches and four in the autumn of every year to lay in their annual stock of spear-mint, penny-royal, peppermint, and

other waters, good for gravel, stone, and of great efficacy in inward bruises, and even at this day an advertisement in the window reminds the public of the great and specific virtues of these bottles, whose general fame has long since expired. In a few years no remains of these singular premises will be seen. The time-eaten walls, the wooden clock, the ancient trees, the curious house, the venerable mistress, and the old man equally venerable, who for more than eighty years has stood with his spectacles and stick, the magician of the large distilling vat; these will all be gone, and even the memory of them no longer preserved, but for these few hasty lines.

“This was the kind of garden old Tradescant cultivated, which Compton loved, and which Evelyn described; which was once numerous in the neighbourhood of London; at Lambeth, at Fulham, and particularly at Chelsea; and of which this at the Clock House may perhaps be considered as the latest specimen.”

CHAPTER XIII.

The "World's End"—Its Bad Reputation—The Dwarf's Tavern—Ranelagh—A Frenchman's Impressions—Entertainments—Chevalier d'Eon—Exorbitant Charges—Regatta in 1776—Balls—Decline of Ranelagh—Its Immoral Tone—Cipriani.

THE convenient proximity of Chelsea to London made it a favourite resort for pleasure-seekers, and the inhabitants did not fail to turn this advantage to account. Several refreshment houses and bowling alleys were established here, but among the first places of amusement which acquired any renown were "The World's End" and the "Star and Garter." The former was situated at the end of Hob's Lane, in the King's Road, and near Sandy End, and is mentioned as of somewhat unenviable

notoriety by Congreve in "Love for Love,"—

Mrs. Foresight. I suppose you would not go alone to the World's End?

Mrs. Frail. The World's End! what, do you mean to banter me?

Mrs. Foresight. Poor innocent; you don't know that there is a place called the World's End. I'll swear you can keep your countenance—surely you'll make an admirable player.

Mrs. Frail. I'll swear you have a great deal of impudence, and to my mind too much for the stage. . . .

Mrs. Foresight. Where did you lose this gold bodkin? Oh, sister! oh, sister!

Mrs. Frail. My bodkin?

Mrs. Foresight. Nay, it is yours, look at it.

Mrs. Frail. Well, if you go to that, where did you find this bodkin? Oh, sister! sister! sister everyway!

Mrs. Foresight. Oh! devil on't that I could not discover her without betraying myself.

"The World's End" had a sign representing a fractured globe on a dark background with fire and smoke issuing from the rift.¹

¹ The "World's End" is near the termination of the King's Road, and even at the present day stands on the border of a district of nursery-grounds, market-gardens,

The "Star and Garter" was situated at the end of Five Fields Row. The proprietor of this house seems to have been an unusually enterprising man. He exhibited Italian fireworks of a most artistic kind, and engaged the Cherokee Indians, as well as acrobats, and a celebrated equestrian who advertised that he could ride two horses at a

and gas-works. But it is now no longer a detached building, and the site of the garden once so full of flowers and flirtations is covered by small dingy houses. It is not certain that any part of the original "World's End" tavern now exists. Certainly the old engraving shows us a house different from the present. The ground-floor rooms in the present are low, and have an appearance of age, but I have good authority for saying that this house was built about forty years since. Part of the old building may have been incorporated into it. Aged persons can remember it as a little "old countrified place" surrounded by fields, with a bar only a yard or so wide. Some say that the inn stood on the other side of the road—a statement somewhat corroborated by the old walls traceable in the opposite houses. But Hamilton's map places the house on this side, with a bowling-green near it, and fields stretching down to the river. Cremorne Gardens were within a few yards of it.

time, stand on one leg on a horse's back, and mount, dismount, and leap over a horse when in full speed.

A less pretentious adventurer, catering more for the creature comforts of "those that love to live well," and rightly surmising that people who went to see such displays of fireworks might feel thirsty afterwards, set up a place of refreshment between the present Ebury Street and Belgrave Terrace.¹ He called his establishment "The Dwarf's Tavern," because as an additional attraction he kept a quaint little man there to play the host, and entertain the company with jesting in the olden style. In one of his advertisements he says he has laid in "an excellent ham, some collard eels, potted beef, plenty of sound old bright wine, and punch like nectar."

The success of such places, and especially of Vauxhall, led to the attempt on the part

¹ Faulkner says "on the spot afterwards Spring Gardens, between Ebury Street and Belgrave Terrace, lately Ackerman's waterproof establishment."

of Mr. Lacy, joint Patentee with Garrick of Drury Lane Theatre, to establish a place of resort upon a larger scale, and when the Ranelagh estate at Chelsea was sold in 1733, he took a lease of the premises. But, like other large enterprises, the expenses were found excessive, and a company was formed with thirty-six shares of one thousand pounds each for carrying on the concern, in which Sir Thomas Robinson became the principal shareholder. The authorities of the Royal Hospital opposed the scheme, which was not carried out till 1742.

Ranelagh with its music, its festivals, and its frivolities has floated down the stream of time. We no longer hear the crackle of its fireworks, or the revelry of its masquerades. But in the days of our great-grandmothers it was one of the wonders of England—a sort of fairy-land to which foreigners were taken when their friends wished to impress them with the magnificence of our country. Here is an account written by an intelligent Frenchman of the

day. He apparently left St. James's Park by the road from Buckingham Gate, and passing along the sheet of water of the Chelsea Waterworks Company, entered Ranelagh walk.¹

"We had no sooner quitted the Park but we found ourselves in a road full of people, illuminated with lamps on each side.² The dust was the only inconvenience, but in half an hour we found ourselves at a gate where money was demanded, and paid for our admittance; and immediately my eyes were struck with a large building of an orbicular figure, with a row of windows round the attic storey, through which it seemed to be literally illuminated within; and altogether presented to the eye such an image as a man of a whimsical imagination would not scruple to call a giant's lanthorn.

"Into the enchanted palace we entered with more haste than ceremony, and at the

¹ Where there is now a street called Ranelagh Grove.

² Probably on the trees, which stood on each side of the walk.

first glance, I, for my part found myself dumb with surprise and astonishment in the middle of a vast amphitheatre, for structure Roman, for decorations of paint and gildings gay as the Asiatic; four grand portals in the manner of the ancient triumphal arches, and four times twelve boxes in a double row, with suitable pilasters between, form the whole interior of this wonderful fabric—save that in the middle a magnificent orchestra rises to the roof, from which depend several large branches, which contain a great number of candles enclosed in crystal glasses, at once to light and adorn this spacious rotund. Groups of well-dressed persons were dispersed in the boxes, numbers covered the area, all manner of refreshments were within call, and music of all kinds echoed, though not intelligibly, from every one of these elegant retreats.”

Ranelagh was opened in 1742, and continued for a century to afford much harmless and much dangerous pleasure. Horace Walpole says it quite eclipsed Vauxhall,

“Nobody goes anywhere else, everybody goes there.” He calls it “Vauxhall under cover.”

At first the performances were early in the day, but complaints having been made that the young merchants and city apprentices were thus seduced from their counting-houses, the hour was changed, and the doors not opened until six. The rotunda was one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, in the centre was the band, and round it the dancing. Sometimes there were concerts, and it is said that the glees of the Catch Club were here first publicly sung. Upon other occasions they had Handel's choruses, and we hear of their performing “the music he composed for the grand fireworks of 1748.” The performance commenced at seven, and later in the evening the company went out into the garden, which seems to have been little more than walks, grass, and trees, to witness the fireworks, which formed the principal part of the entertainment.¹ Some-

¹ We sometimes read in the advertisements of the “fire-trees.” A short time since Major-General Hutt

times transparencies were added, and one of the greatest successes was the Eruption of Mount Etna. "Underneath the mountain will be shown the cavern of Vulcan, with the Cyclops at work forging the armour of Mars, as described in the *Æneid* of Virgil."

"Jubilee" balls¹ were much in fashion at Ranelagh; the largest attendance at the gardens was at one of these in 1749, when George II. was present, and there were six thousand visitors. The next year these entertainments were omitted on account of the earthquake.

At times other amusements were added, such as the Fantoccini puppets; and, when the Picnic Society gave a breakfast here, M. Garnerin and a naval officer ascended in a balloon and reached Colchester. We read of Chevalier D'Eon's fencing here in public sold an old elm out of the ground where Ranelagh had been, and the purchaser soon appeared, demanding compensation for injury done to his saw by a large iron bolt found imbedded in the tree. This was, no doubt, for suspending lamps.

¹ Commemorated by "Jubilee Place" at Chelsea.

in June, 1791. In the advertisement of this performance he is called *Madame D'Eon*, and although an old man of sixty-three he appeared in a woman's dress. Nature seems to have intended him to be ridiculous. He was a cornet of Dragoons, and is said to have been equerry to Louis XV., but when at St. Petersburg adopted a female costume for the purpose of carrying on political intrigues. His appearance suited his assumed garb so well that afterwards, when he came on an embassy to England, the rumour spread that he was a woman, and in that credulous age bets of large amount were laid on the subject. Owing to some claims thus arising, the question came before the law-courts, and upon the evidence of two Frenchmen he was declared to belong to the gentler sex. In consequence of this when he returned to France the King forbade him to appear except in female attire, but it was not until he had suffered imprisonment in the Castle of Dijon that he consented to relinquish his military uniform.

Ever afterwards he dressed as a woman, and was even appointed one of the ladies-in-waiting to the French Queen.

His appearing at Ranelagh was owing to his losing his pension on the breaking out of the revolution, which involved him in pecuniary difficulties. He was a man of some ability, wrote treatises on various subjects, and had received the order of St. Louis.¹

In the centre of Ranelagh Gardens was a piece of water called "the canal," and a Chinese building was placed across it, which we see in pictures of the masquerades filled with a gay company, some wearing grotesque masks. Here were flower girls,

¹ Garrick gave great offence to D'Eon by introducing in a prologue the lines :—

"Did not a lady knight, late Chevalier,
A brave smart soldier in our eyes appear?
Hey ! presto ! pass ! His sword becomes a fan,
A comely woman rising from a man !
The French their Amazonian maid invite,
She goes alike well skilled to talk and write,
Dance, ride, negotiate, scold, coquet, or fight."

Dutch skippers, French fiddlers, harlequins, chimney sweepers, quack doctors, hair-dressers, and watchmen in every variety.

In other representations we see tables spread in the rotunda, and the company at breakfast round an immense fire. Artificial heat was no doubt desirable, as the gardens generally opened in March, and the earlier in the day the entertainment the more select the assembly.

It seems that the charges at Ranelagh were considerable. We read of a gentleman lately returned from India going with three ladies on a party to Ranelagh. On entering the garden they were presented with roses by one of the flower-women. He accepted them, gave one to each lady and took one himself, and tendered the girl sixpence.

"God bless your honour," she replied, "they are half-a-crown each."

"What!" replied the Nabob, "half-a-crown for a rose?"

"Yes, your honour, at this time of the year."

“ You impudent hussy, give me my sixpence, and here ladies, pray let her have her roses again. I am an enemy to imposition.”

The gardens were open on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, but special entertainments were frequently provided, generally on anniversaries of royal births or marriages. Sometimes select subscription parties were given here.

One of the grandest displays was the regatta in June, 1776, promoted by Lord North for political purposes, “ as Sir Robert Walpole encouraged the author of Hurlo-thrumbo to appear on the stage, that the eyes of the public might be diverted from the destructive measures which he meant to pursue.” Whatever the object, the entertainment was most successful. The river presented a festive appearance from twelve o'clock in the day, being covered with pleasure-barges decorated with flags. Half-a-guinea was asked for a seat in a common barge. Soon afterwards the whole river from

London Bridge to the Ship Tavern, Millbank, was covered with pleasure vessels. Before six there was a complete fair on both sides of the water, "and bad liquor with short measure was plentifully retailed." The bells of St. Martin's and of St. Margaret's were rung, and the scene was splendid, especially near Westminster Bridge. A City barge, used to take in ballast, was on this occasion filled with "the finest ballast in the world—about a hundred elegant ladies." The avenues to the bridge were covered with gaming tables. Soon after six, drums, fifes, horns, and trumpets formed little concerts under the bridge; cannons were fired before the Duke of Richmond's, and he, as well as the Duke of Montagu and Earl of Pembroke, had parties on this occasion. The Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland had also guests on board their barges. At half-past seven the Lord Mayor's barge moved, on which twenty-one cannons were fired, and afterwards the whole procession moved "in picturesque irregu-

larity" to Ranelagh. "The Thames was a floating town, everything from the dung barge to the wherry was in motion." It was thought the spectators numbered two hundred thousand. "In a word, from the mixed multitude of lords and liverymen, pinks and pickpockets, dukes and dustmen, drabs and duchesses, the whole scene afforded an admirable picture of High Life below Stairs, and Low Life above."

The company landed at nine o'clock at the stairs, and joined the Assembly that came by land in the Temple of Neptune—a temporary octagonal building. The bandsmen were in sylvan attire, and the company danced minuets and cotillons after supper. We are told with pride that there were present on this grand occasion two thousand people, among whom were personages of the first distinction. The supper, which cost seven hundred guineas, was contracted for, and we therefore hear that it was bad, and poorly supplied with wine. Of course, amid such activity, several

accidents took place on the river, and great confusion was caused by a rush of boats to a spot where some wags had thrown into the water a stuffed figure that looked like a gentleman.

For some time Ranelagh was the rage. Jubilee balls and *ridottos* alternated with concerts, and the gardens were illuminated with three thousand coloured lamps. The coaches were so numerous that special arrangements had to be made with regard to them. Songs obtained popularity from having been sung there, and enterprising tradesmen sold "silver Ranelagh silks," and fast-going young men wore Ranelagh waistcoats.

Dr. Johnson visited Ranelagh, and says that it gave an expansion and gay sensation to his mind he had never before experienced. But he was mostly led to philosophic reflections upon the ephemeral character of all human magnificence, while Smollett regarded the scene from a more cheerful and artistic point of view. The latter writes, "Ranelagh looks like the enchanted palace of genii

adorned with the most exquisite performances of painting, carving, and gilding ; enlightened with a thousand golden lamps that emulate the noon-day sun ; crowded with the great, the rich, the gay, the happy, the fair ; glittering with cloth of gold and silver lace, embroidery and precious stones." Walpole writes similarly, 13th of June, 1761 :—" At Ranelagh all is fireworks and rockets. The birthday exceeded the splendour of Haroun Alraschid and the Arabian Nights, when people had nothing to do but to scour a lantern, and send a genie for a hamper of diamonds and rubies."

In 1801, under the patronage of the Duke of York, a silver cup was shot for at Ranelagh. Pair oar rowing matches were now an additional attraction, and in 1802 Boodles Club gave a *bal paré* here, at which ladies were attired as abbesses, vestals, and virgins of the sun. A more magnificent ball was given by the Knights of the Bath at the Installation in 1803 ; but a still more splendid entertainment was provided here by the

Spanish Ambassador. On this occasion the lower boxes formed a Spanish camp striped blue and red; each tent being guarded by a boy dressed in the Spanish uniform. Spanish dances were performed, the Queen and royal party partook of supper from a service of gold, while two hundred servants in scarlet and gold, and skyblue and silver, were employed in waiting on the general company.

But from 1788 Ranelagh was waning—the visitors were few—the preparations for their entertainment small, and refreshments scantily provided. Retrenchment in expense (consequent upon the place not proving remunerative) led to a diminution in the amusements. The vocalists were indifferent, and the contrast to what had once been, caused a gloom to settle over the place. Formerly, the band, rolls, tea, and butter were excellent. Instead of thousands, now hundreds could scarcely be collected, and it was in vain that finely dressed ladies and gentlemen were sent into the Mall to

keep repeating, "What a splendid night for Ranelagh!" The fashion had changed—the distance from town came to be thought inconvenient. The shares fell in value, the performers were paid less, and ceased to be attractive.¹ The gardens were closed in 1803.²

The moral tone of Ranelagh was somewhat similar to that of the late Cremorne. Gentlemen went there at all times. Respectable ladies walked in the garden early in the day—the charge for which was only a shilling—and a few of them went with parties in the evening, but they only assembled in numbers on grand nights. Then the tickets, instead of being half-a-crown, or five shillings, were one or two guineas each

¹ The charge at the grand masked balls was now only ten shillings and sixpence. A good supper was included, with "ice, beef, ham, Savoy cake, orange, veal, tongue, pastry, jelly, and blanc-mange;" wine was extra. The company sometimes stayed till eight in the morning.

² The Ranelagh organ was at Tetbury Church until 1863, when it was sold to a builder.

—including a supper, with claret, burgundy, and champagne. On these occasions the attractions of the gardens were thrown into the shade by the beauties of the Court, among whom the lovely Duchess of Devonshire was conspicuous. A picture of Horace Walpole's friend, Miss Chudleigh, in Ranelagh costume, was long preserved in the Chelsea Bun-house. Rogers gives a very favourable view of the assemblies, saying that it was "a place where persons of inferior rank mingled with the nobility, and were so quiet that you could hear the whish of the ladies' dresses as they walked round the rotunda." But the scenes at late hours on the less select nights were sometimes not unlike those depicted by Miss Burney in her description of the frolics at Vauxhall and Marylebone Gardens, where "there is such squealing and squalling, and all the lamps are broke, and all the women run scimper scamper."¹

¹ Ranelagh is represented by Fielding, in "*Amelia*," as a fascinating but improper resort to which wicked

In a poem, written in 1777, after a satirical description of the wily politicians, dissipated nobles, and vain men of fashion here congregated, the costumes of the ladies of the day are thus noticed—

“ Compress the waist, the hips, the breast extend,
Till, like the hour-glass, swollen at each end,
The emblematic fair appears to chide
Our waste of time and minutes misapplied.”

Bloomfield, the poet, gives, at a later date, the following humorous description of the circuitous promenading in the Rotunda at Ranelagh.

“ A thousand feet rustled on mats,
A carpet that once had been green ;
Men bowed with their outlandish hats,
With corners so fearfully keen !
Fair maids, who at home, in their haste,
Had left all their clothes but a train,
Swept the floor clean, as slowly they paced,
Then—walked round and swept it again.

men invited unsuspecting girls. His half-brother, Sir John Fielding, lived at Chelsea. It is said that the Rev. W. Younge, of Chelsea Hospital, was the original of Parson Adams.

“The music was truly enchanting,
Right glad was I when I came near it,
But in fashion I found I was wanting—
’Twas the fashion to walk and not hear it.
A fine youth as beauty beset him,
Look’d smilingly round on the train,
‘The King’s nephew,’ they cried, as they met him,
Then—we went round and met him again.

“Huge paintings of heroes and Peace
Seemed to smile at the sound of the fiddle,
Proud to fill up each tall shining space
Round the lantern that stood in the middle;
And George’s head too, Heaven screen him,
May he finish in peace his long reign!
And what did we when we had seen him?
Why—we went round and saw him again.”

The following song of the day casts a reflection upon the forward bearing of some of the ladies who frequented these festivities.

“What means the cocked hat and the masculine air,
With each motion designed to perplex?
Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
And softness the test of your sex.

"The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May,
Are charms that no art can procure;
Oh! be but yourselves, and our homage we pay,
And your empire is solid and sure.

"But if, Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,
And put us in fear of our lives,
You may do very well for sisters and aunts,
But believe me you'll never be wives."

Mrs. Carter writes: "In the evening, my Lord W—— carried us to Ranelagh. I do not know how I might have liked the place in a more giddy humour, but it did not strike me with any agreeable impression; indeed, for the most part, these tumultuous torch-light entertainments are very apt to put me in mind of the revel rout of Comus.¹" (Entertainments were afterwards given at Ranelagh under the name of the "Court of Comus.")

Some of the tickets of admission for the

¹ According to her account, Sir Thomas Robinson was scarcely a man for whom such gay enterprises might have been expected. She says: "In the room we met my friend, the Knight of the Woful Countenance, Sir Thomas Robinson, who looks more wofully than ever."

grand balls at Ranelagh were very pleasing in design and execution. These were engraved by Bartolozzi, and designed by Cipriani, a Florentine, who settled in this country. He was an historical painter, but most remarkable for his success in decorative art; and adorned with beautiful festoons of flowers, and groups of figures, the walls and ceilings of the houses of the nobility. Being one of the founders of the Royal Academy, he was appointed to make a design for the diploma for the members of the Society. But his decorative work on the Lord Mayor's coach is, perhaps, best known to the citizens of London. He lies buried in the cemetery adjoining the King's Road.

The lamps on the road to Ranelagh were not only ornamental but useful, for the roads were beset with pickpockets and highwaymen, upon whose proceedings it was desirable to throw some light. In 1715, owing to the state of the roads about the Five Fields, and a representation of the inhabitants that after dark robberies were

committed, the King ordered a guard of in-pensioners to patrol between St. James's Palace and Chelsea Town. This patrol was, on one occasion, itself attacked and one man killed, and another wounded. In the King's Road, where is now the West London Literary and Scientific Institute, the Earl of Peterborough was stopped in a narrow lane by highwaymen, who were fired at by the watch of Chelsea pensioners. One of the robbers was a law student, named Brown, who, as Mr. Vernon, the Secretary of State tells the Duke of Shrewsbury, lived "by play, and a little on the highway."

A wall, which then ran along the Green Park by Piccadilly, was a favourite lurking place for suspicious characters, and in the advertisements of the performances at Ranelagh, we invariably find a notice subjoined, that a mounted patrol will be on duty along the roads,¹ thus—"N.B. There

¹ On May 11th, 1793, we find a Mr. Wear advertising that he has a stock of fancy dresses in Wilderness Row,

will be a proper patrol, well armed, continually passing between the Rooms and Hyde Park Corner, and good guard at the back of Chelsea College." The pensioners were paid for this duty by the proprietors of Ranelagh.

just outside Ranelagh, and that persons will be there to conduct customers safe to the gardens.

As late as 1808 one of the collecting clerks of the Chelsea Waterworks was robbed in Willow Walk of three hundred and forty-seven pounds.

There is a remarkable shoot or opening from the top to the basement of No. 4, Cheyne Walk. Mr. Vaux, Secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, who is now residing here, thinks it may have been intended for throwing down stolen goods in case of surprise, as he has seen such places in houses where Jonathan Wild and such people have lived.

CHAPTER XIV.

Secluded Site near the Hospital—Contests about its Possession—Faulkner's Labours—Dr. Weeden Butler—Cremorne—Turner's Retirement and Concealment—His Last Days—Freeing the Bridges—Eminent Residents in Chelsea at the Present Time—Conclusion.

WE have already observed that Walpole's house eventually came into the possession of the Royal Hospital. It was purchased from the Earl of Dunmore's executors by Mr. Aufrere, and so passed to the Earl of Yarborough, who married his only daughter, and succeeded to his estates and valuable collection of paintings. This nobleman sold his interest in the house and grounds to the Government in 1808, and the Commissioners of the Hospital applied that it might be used for the erection

of the infirmary; but, meanwhile, Colonel Gordon, who was intimate with the Prince of Wales, observed the pleasantly retired position of the place, and obtained a lease of four acres towards the river. As this arrangement left only about a quarter of an acre for the Infirmary, and deprived the invalids of space and fresh air, some notice was attracted to it, and the whole transaction was brought before Parliament by Sir F. Burdett. It finally appeared that the lease to Colonel Gordon had been signed, but the Government informed the Commissioners that, if they desired, the ground should be regained by purchase from him. They, however, made no such demand, and a handsome villa was erected on the ground. The residence is so completely secluded that it has not even a name; the only access to it is through the Hospital grounds, and if anyone noticed the entrance gateway he would suppose that it led to some of the offices of that establishment. Hither George IV. was wont to retire and enjoy the

pleasures congenial to him. Removed from the turmoil of Court life, the Sovereign could here lay aside the cares of State, and, surrounded by the gay and fair, recline beneath leafy groves and watch the silvery Thames as it swept along to bear his commerce to all the nations of the world.

Let us now pause for a moment to pay a tribute to the memory of old Faulkner, the historian of Chelsea. He was a very active man, always making inquiries of the inhabitants and collecting information. He wrote the History of Kensington and Fulham, as well as the work on Chelsea which will always remain a proof of his untiring industry. Though not free from errors, it contains a great amount of information, and should be consulted by those who desire detailed information about this locality.

Faulkner left an interleaved copy of his work, enriched by MS. notes, which has been of use in the preparation of this volume. He was a printer and bookseller,

and his shop was where the "Chelsea Pensioner" stands near the Hospital, while his offices extended to Ormond Row. Old men can remember when, as little boys, they used to stop on their way from school, and peep through to see Tom Faulkner print, and to wonder at the light coming in without windows, for he was one of the first to introduce glass into his roof.

Dr. Weeden Butler assisted Faulkner in this work. He was the father of Dr. Butler, the head-master of Harrow, and kept for forty years a successful school for boys in Chelsea. In his early life he was a pupil and friend of the gifted but extravagant Dr. Dodd, who, after writing the "Commentary on the Holy Bible," and editing the "Christian Magazine"—in both of which undertakings he was assisted by Butler—was in 1777 hanged for forging the name of Lord Chesterfield.

The house of Dr. Butler was No. 6, Cheyne Walk, approached by a handsome gateway between large pillars, and was that

afterwards occupied by Dr. Dominiceti. He established medicinal baths here, and is said to have been attracted to the neighbourhood by the Apothecaries' Garden. The Duke of York was one of his patients, and he professed to cure all diseases, alleging that "he never sent out one of his patients dead"—those that died being conveyed away by the back door. Dr. Johnson branded him as a quack, and when some one maintained the contrary, replied with characteristic sarcasm, "Well, Sir, go to Dominiceti, and get thyself fumigated, but be sure that the steam be directed to the head, for that is the peccant part."

Cremorne Gardens were established on the grounds of Ashburnham House and Cremorne House. Chelsea Farm, at one time occupied by Sir R. Lyttleton, the friend of Shenstone, took the name of Cremorne House, when it was purchased by the first Lord Dartrey, Viscount Cremorne, whose hatchment hung till lately in Chelsea Church.¹

¹ Most of the hatchments have lately been removed to the church tower.

Here Lady Cremorne,¹ noted for her benevolence, was frequently visited by Queen Charlotte, to whom, on one of these occasions, in 1791, she introduced Mrs. Elizabeth Carter. She died in 1825, and the Princesses followed her funeral.²

Ashburnham House had been called Hoadly House—having been built by a nephew of Bishop Hoadly—until it came into the possession of Lord Ashburnham, who had here a collection of costly paintings. The style was that of a country-house; it was built low and covered a considerable extent of ground; the rooms were handsome and lined with panelling, and the pleasure-grounds, which were adorned with statues, were, during Dr. Cadogan's tenure, laid out as "a physic-garden."

Thus there seems to have been something to suggest the establishment of a resort for

¹ She was an American, and a relation of the Penns, of Pennsylvania.

² The fine collection of pictures by Vandyck, Salvator Rosa, Teniers, and Vernet, was sold here in 1827.

pleasure-seekers here, and while Cremorne House was converted into a place of entertainment, Ashburnham House, a little to the west of it, was occupied, though but partly furnished, by the family of the proprietor of the Gardens. For many years Cremorne proved a worthy successor to Ranelagh; the gardens were ornamental, the programme attractive, and the company sometimes questionable. But the noisy revelry and nocturnal gatherings of disorderly persons, especially the "rabble rout" of those employed in the Gardens, rendered the neighbourhood uninhabitable, and representations were made, which led to the place—the last of its kind in the immediate vicinity of London—being eventually closed. The two houses spoken of have been removed, the fine trees are felled and lying prostrate, and, as I write, nothing remains but a desolation of broken ground, a wilderness of trenches and gravel-pits, with here and there a solitary urn or statue, mourning, as it were, for glories departed.

Little Ashburnham Cottage still remains, but Bedford Terrace stands just in front of the site of Cremorne House, and the whole area is being rapidly transformed into a labyrinth of small streets and mechanics' houses.

Near the site of Cremorne there still exists the house in which Turner died, and we regard it with the more interest as it is evidently doomed shortly to pass away. Two little dwellings modestly recede from the road near Lindsey House, between a flaring publichouse called the "Aquatic Stores," and the handsome modern mansions which have been lately erected along the river side. The westernmost house of these two is that wherein Turner resided with the burly Mrs. Booth, who died some twelve years since. It is a sort of relic of the past, its age being marked by the five steps descending from the modern road into its little front garden, and by the ivy which grows around its windows. The interior of the cottage is pretty, with an old roomy hall and staircase,

and altogether might have pleased the artist's eye. He was here on the verge of the open country—nothing between him and Cremorne but waste land and market-gardens—and the view from his little window was such as might have rejoiced the painter of sunshine. In front was the broad brimming river, sweeping along like a flood of light, and reflecting the brown, green, and red of the barges which trailed over its surface. On the east the stream was crossed by the dark and massive timbers of the time-worn Bridge, at whose foot, among a cluster of ancient houses and trees, rose the square tower of Chelsea church; while to the west, the farther shore was marked by small buildings, low trees, and the spire of old Battersea church.

This house was occupied by a Mrs. Booth who let apartments, and one day a stout, bandy-legged little man, with a rough red face and keen grey eyes—not unlike a Dutch skipper—knocked at the door. Upon her opening it, he desired to see the

apartments, asked the price somewhat gruffly, and hearing that it was low, muttered that they would suit him. The good landlady, not much prepossessed with his appearance, taking him for some maritime adventurer—of a class for which probably her vicinity to the river barges had not increased her esteem—ventured to observe that perhaps he would favour her with a reference. “A reference,” he replied angrily, “a reference, why I could buy your house and all it contains.” Well, if she waived that, there must at least be an agreement in writing. “An agreement,” he returned, “here it is,” pulling out a handful of bank-notes, “I’ll pay in advance.” This was, of course, satisfactory, and the lady could no longer speak doubtfully to a man with so much ready money. All was, therefore, arranged. “What name shall I say, sir?” she inquired, “in case anybody should call.” “Name, name!” he repeated, “what name—why what is your name?” “Mrs. Booth, sir.” “Well then, I am Mr. Booth,” was

the unceremonious reply, and that name Turner retained until his death at Chelsea ; he was generally called "Admiral Booth."

Having of late become old and infirm, he had given up attending the meetings of the Academy, and felt a great desire to escape from public view, perhaps also, he was tired of his dark dingy house in Queen Anne Street. At the same time it may have occurred to him, as he was of a very parsimonious turn, that a knowledge of who he was, might lead enterprising landladies and tradespeople to impose on him. So close did Turner keep his incognito that even the disciple of Don Saltero, who attended him professionally, never knew his name till after his death. When first summoned to shave him—an operation Turner sometimes underwent in bed—the professor, full of genial garrulity, sought to draw him into conversation by some casual remark. But he received no reply, and after reflecting over such an unprecedented repulse, came to the conclusion that the old gentleman was deaf.

Accordingly upon his next visit he made the most pleasant observation he could think of, in a somewhat louder tone. Receiving no answer, he raised his voice still more, and at length shouted so that it was impossible for anyone that had ears not to hear. But Turner remained unresponsive, and the next time the barber called, Mrs. Booth begged he would not shout in that dreadful way at Mr. Turner, for he did not like it; he was "not deaf," she said, "but rather strange in his ways."

When Mrs. Danby, Turner's housekeeper, found him absent from home for a considerable time, she came to the conclusion, owing to a letter that she found, that he was at Chelsea, and went there in company with another infirm old woman to seek for him. From inquiries by the river-side where ginger-beer was sold, they discovered that Turner was living in a small house close by, and informed Mr. Harper of the fact. On the following day, the 18th of December, 1851, Turner died. "The morning sun

shone on the dying artist—" his eye, though dazed and enfeebled, had not lost its discernment, and at the last we read of his being wheeled to the little window overlooking the water, that he might take a farewell look at the river and the sun.¹

On the Anniversary of the Queen's Birthday, the 24th of May, 1879, Chelsea was in holiday garb, such as it had not worn since the days of the Georges. It was upon the occasion of the Prince of Wales declaring the bridges free of toll. The sun shone gloriously, and many of the inhabitants gave it as their opinion, and deliberately too, that there never was such a day in Chelsea. The King's Road and Oakley Street² had

¹ John Camden Neild, another accumulator of money, died the year after Turner, in the same line of houses, but lower down in Cheyne Walk. He gave a substantial proof of his loyalty, for after living with great frugality in a poorly furnished house, he bequeathed half a million to the Queen. The exquisite Count d'Orsay lived at No. 10, in a house with a fantastic façade, now called Gothic House. Maclise lived and died in No. 4. Leigh Hunt also resided in Cheyne Walk.

² Named after Lord Cadogan's estate in Buckinghamshire.

lines of bunting stretched across them, so that they almost seemed to be covered in with a roof of waving colour; balconies were hung with crimson and festooned with roses; strings of flags extended for miles on either side of the river, and the banks were crowded with thousands of spectators. The Procession consisted of about twenty carriages—the two last containing the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their sons, Albert Victor, and George, and the Crown Prince of Denmark. As they passed along, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired by the Royal Artillery from the banks of Battersea Park, and the old Chelsea Pensioners hobbled out to the garden gates of the Hospital, and stood there in the three cornered hats and red frockcoats of William III., drawn up beneath the royal standard.

But the centre of attraction was the Albert Suspension Bridge, in front of which Winchester Crescent, commemorating the site of old Winchester House, was espe-

cially gay with beauty and fashion. At this point the crowd was most dense, the black mass of people being prettily edged by a scarlet line of little Duke of York's boys. This youthful corps had their brass band with them, and played excellently well on instruments that seemed nearly as large as themselves. Here was stationed a detachment of the Engineers, and the South Middlesex Volunteers—to which the students of St. Mark's College belong—drew up, commanded by Lord Ranelagh. At about three o'clock, Lady Cadogan arrived in her pony carriage, and alighted at the bridge on a crimson carpet, where she waited until the royal carriages appeared. Then the cheering burst forth loud and long, the National School children sang "God bless the Prince of Wales!" and Lady Cadogan, in the name of the ladies of Chelsea, presented the Princess with a large bouquet, which would have done credit to the Chelsea gardens of old renown. The Prince, rising, declared the bridge "Free and open for

ever!" and the procession moved across to old Battersea¹ Bridge, whose infirm posts and beams, held by many an iron girder, were dressed out in gay colours, like a Chelsea Pensioner on his last parade. Royalty will, probably, never again pass over it. The newspapers tell us "it is one of those old-fashioned structures which will have ere long to be removed." The procession passed back along the Embankment amid great cheering and enthusiasm. The Chelsea girls seemed especially eager to obtain a sight of the Princess, and when they succeeded were heard strongly to express their opinion that "she is a darling," and were not well pleased when some of their gentlemen friends replied gallantly that there were also many other darlings.²

¹ Or Chelsea Bridge, where the Ferry was. The name Battersea reminds us that the land once belonged to St. Peter's. One hundred and seventy thousand pounds was given by the Board of Works for the purchase of the Albert Bridge and Battersea Bridge.

² In the evening there was a display of fireworks in Battersea Park at the expense of Lord Cadogan.

The "Duke of York's Boys" have been mentioned ; and the name, which is most suitable, should, perhaps, have some explanation. The Duke obtained a grant for the "Royal Military Asylum," at Chelsea, for the children of soldiers. He laid the foundation-stone, and superintended all the work until the building was completed, visiting it every week, and almost every day. It is a magnificent institution, giving shelter and education to a thousand boys. On his last visit to his favourite establishment, a few months before his death, there was a touching scene. The children crowded round their benefactor, and gave him three hearty cheers. The Duke was so much moved that he shed tears, and putting his hand on the head of the foremost boy, exclaimed : " God bless you, my lads !"

This book would be incomplete without some notice of a few of the most eminent persons who inhabit Chelsea at the present day. In the course of this work we have

sufficiently commemorated the names of those great men who lived here in bygone centuries, but we shall not be saying too much when we assert that there are those who reside here at present that may be considered their worthy successors. Earl Cadogan, the Lord of the Manor, derives his title from the celebrated officer who fought in the wars under Marlborough and succeeded him in the command of the army. He has been Under-secretary successively for War, and for the Colonies, and is not only remarkable for his administrative ability, but also for his generosity to the inhabitants of Chelsea in giving free grants of land for public purposes, and in supporting the local charities. His eldest son takes the title of Viscount Chelsea.

In connection with politics we must mention the name of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Collier, who was lately Attorney-General, and is known as a writer on legal subjects. Sir Charles Dilke, Baronet, re-

sident member for the borough, is a man known throughout England as a distinguished leader of the advanced Liberal party. He has also been successful in literature. But in this field Chelsea can boast a name which will never be forgotten. Cheyne Row (No. 24) has been honoured by the presence of one of the most distinguished writers and philosophers of this age, who from his love of retirement and seclusion has succeeded to the title of "the hermit of Chelsea," originally conferred upon Smollett. Mr. Carlyle is now in his eighty-fifth year, and has resided here half a century. During that time his "Sartor Resartus," "French Revolution," and other celebrated works have appeared, and we hope that he may long live to add lustre to this neighbourhood.¹

Several other persons of note are living at Chelsea, among whom by the river-side reside Lord Wentworth and Sir Percy Shelley, names reminding us of two of the greatest poets of our land. Sir Percy

¹ A new square in Chelsea has been named after him.

die pl.
Feb 1951
1881

deserves well of the lovers of the drama, for he is building a theatre in Chelsea for amateur performances. Mr. D. G. Rossetti, the poet and painter, lives at 16, Cheyne Walk.

The profession of arms is as nobly represented as that of literature. The present Governor of the Royal Hospital, General Sir Patrick Grant, G.C.B., greatly distinguished himself in the Sutlej and Punjaub campaigns, in which he was severely wounded, and became successively Commander-in-Chief at Madras and Bengal, and Governor of Malta. He is married to the daughter of another celebrated Indian General, Lord Gough. In connection with the Hospital we may also mention the Reverend R. Gleig, who was for twelve years Chaplain to it, and, as we have observed, assisted, when a young officer, in capturing one of the flags which now hang in the Chapel. He became Chaplain-General, and during his long life has written many interesting works, among them the "Subaltern" and "Traditions of Chelsea College." Although he is not now

resident in Chelsea, we need not apologise for this notice to those inhabitants who deserve honourable mention, but are here omitted.

We must now draw rein at the end of our historic ground.

Little remains to be added. The principal houses of which portions still exist are Walpole's house, Gough House, Lindsey House, Stanley House, Blackland's and the Rectory. In the eighteenth century Chelsea consisted of a line of gentlemen's residences, extending about a mile along the river, from the Hospital to the western boundary. Here and there in front were a few thatched fishermen's cottages, perched on the brick wall of the river, beside the numerous flights of water-stairs. Behind was the open country, into which only two little streets, Lawrence Street and Church Lane, attempted to penetrate. A good idea of the interior of one of the best houses of the period may be obtained from No. 4, Cheyne Walk, where we have a wide

well-staircase and a handsome balustrade, with walls and ceiling decorated with fanciful frescoes such as Verrio and Hogarth's father-in-law loved to paint. But the grand old mansions with their heavy architraves have disappeared, and of the trees that formed the shady boulevard only a few representatives remain. Many names connected with old memories which seemed to hallow the spot have passed away, and we look in vain for Queen Elizabeth's Walk or the Bishops' Walk. Still, though much that was picturesque is gone, there is something quaint and Dutch-looking about the place. We must not be ungrateful for modern improvements, and probably, if one of the old inhabitants could be raised out of his long sleep, he would stand amazed at what has been accomplished, and would attribute to the work of genii the light suspension bridge, the broad embankment, with its stone quay and parterres, and the splendid line of new mansions which has lately been constructed. The healthfulness and bright-

ness of the suburb is beginning to be again recognized, and there is an intention of continuing these large buildings along the river-side, and of thus giving Chelsea a right to resume her ancient title of "The Village of Palaces."

I N D E X.

For the principal subjects refer to the headings of the chapters.

A.

Addison, II., 85, 91.
 Alston, Sir Joseph, I., 159.
 Anne, Queen, I., 304. II., 38.
 Antonius de Dominis, I., 255.
 Apothecaries Garden, I., 198.
 II., 145, 176.
 Arbuthnot, Dr., II., 150, 181
 Armada, I., 146, 292.
 Ashburnham, Lord, II., 323.
 Ashley, Mrs., I., 116, 119, 121,
 150.
 Ashmole, II., 263.
 Ashridge, I., 142.
 Astell, Mary, II., 77.
 Asylum, Royal Military, II.,
 86.
 Atterbury, Dr., II., 87, 91,
 161, 163, 168.
 Aubrey, I., 183.
 Aufrere, Mr., II., 318.
 Aurora, II., 281.
 Avenue, Royal, II., 38.

B.

Bacon, Lord, II., 257.
 Bainham, I., 47, 54.
 Bancroft, Archbishop, I., 248.
 Banks, Sir T., II., 276.
 Barton, Elizabeth, I., 59.

Barry, II., 36.
 Basing, I., 163.
 Basingstoke, I., 102.
 Bassett, II., 49.
 Bath, Knights of the, II., 308.
 Becke, Mrs., I., 203.
 Belcarres, Lord, I., 269.
 Belgravia, I., 7.
 Belhaven, Lord, I., 262, 264.
 Beaufort, Duke of, I., 235, 304.
 II., 271.
 — House, 240, 248.
 Bells, ringing, I., 148.
 Bishops, residences of, I., 4.
 Blacklands, I., 180. II., 284.
 Blackwell, Mrs., II., 277.
 Boating, I., 34
 Boggett, Mr., II., 252.
 Boisseise, I., 147.
 Boleyn, Anne, I., 25, 85, 96.
 Bowack, I., 236. II., 165, 203,
 265.
 Boyle, Hon. R., I., 269, 274.
 II., 180.
 Bray, Lord John, I., 152.
 — Sir R., I., 12.
 Brickills, II., 229.
 Bridge, Battersea, II., 160, 240.
 — Bloody, I., 10.
 Bristol, Digby, Earl of, II., 74,
 132.

Brompton, II., 283.
 Brounker, Lord, I., 268.
 Buckhurst, Lord, I., 164.
 Buckingham, Duke of, II., 61,
 74.
 ——— House, I., 211.
 Bunhouse, II., 189.
 Burdett, Sir F., II., 319.
 Burke, I., 75.
 Burleigh, Lord, I., 166.
 Burlington, Earl of, II., 35,
 164.
 Burnet, Bishop, II., 83.
 Burney, Dr., II., 36.
 ——— Miss, II., 311.
 Burton Court, II., 12.
 Butler, Dr., II., 321.
 Butterfly Alley, II., 284.

C.

Cabala, I., 149.
 Cadiz, I., 147.
 Cadogan, Dr., II. 323.
 Cadogan, Earl, II, 186, 336.
 ——— Place, II., 285.
 Camden, I., 245.
 Carbery, Lord, I., 213, II., 74.
 Carew, Sir F., II., 267.
 Caroline, Queen, I., 271. II.
 133, 147, 149, 172, 174, 178,
 189.
 Carter, Mrs., II., 314, 323.
 Castlemaine, Lady, I., 204, 298.
 Cavendish, Sir C., I., 176.
 ——— Lady Jane, I., 127,
 181.
 Cecil, Sir R., I., 149.
 Chamberlayne, Dr., II., 34,
 168.
 Charles I., I., 161, 211, 214.
 ——— II., I., 227, 272. II.,
 4, 40.
 Charlton, II., 186.
 Chatham, I., 309.
 Cheyne, Charles, I., 161, 179.
 II., 264.
 ——— Row, II., 169.
 ——— Walk, I., 136, 182.
 II., 252, 317, 338.

China Works, II., 101.
 Chudleigh, Miss, II., 133, 311.
 Church, Chelsea, I., 76. II.,
 166.
 Church Lane, II., 167.
 Cipriani, II., 315.
 Clarendon, I., 232.
 Cleves, Anne of, I., 106.
 Clock House, II., 288.
 College, King James' I., 240,
 244, 247, 259, 284, 309.
 Comus, II., 314
 Conduits, I., 137.
 Conference (Hampton Court),
 I., 246.
 Cork, Earl of, II., 164.
 Council Chamber, II., 16.
 Cranfield, I., 172, 197, 211.
 Cremorne, II., 310, 322.
 Cromwell, Oliver, I., 229, 296,
 301.
 ——— Richard, II., 203.
 Cross, ancient, I., 9.

D.

Dacre, Lord, I., 164.
 Danby, Lord, I., 184.
 Danvers, Sir J., I., 261.
 ——— Lady, I., 185.
 ——— Street, I., 200.
 Darley, John, I., 263, 265.
 Decandolle, II., 268.
 Denys, Lady C., II. 286.
 Devonshire, Duchess of, II.,
 311.
 ——— Earl of, I., 154.
 Digby, Sir K., I., 230, 235.
 Dilke, Sir Charles, II., 336.
 Disabled soldiers, I., 293.
 Discipline, School of, II., 153.
 Doggett, II., 144.
 Dorset, Lord, I., 122.
 Dominiceti, II., 322.
 D'Orsay, II., 330.
 Dover Castle, I., 280.
 Drogheda, Countess of, I., 203.
 Druce, Mr., I., 136.
 Dudley, Duke of Northumber-
 land, I., 132.

Dunmore, Earl of, II., 318.
 Durham House, I., 129.
 Dutch prisoners, I., 279, 281.
 Dysart, Earl of, I., 149.

E.

Earthquake, II., 282.
 Edgehill, I., 215, 224.
 Edwards, George, II., 184.
 Epigrams, More's, I., 28.
 Elizabeth, II., 142, 200, 258.
 Erasmus, I., 17, 44, 266.
 Essex, Earl of, I., 151.
 Evremond, St. II., 45, 55.
 Evelyn, I., 207, 233, 274, 276
 307. II., 5.
 Ewart, II., 26.

F.

Falkland, Lord, I., 225.
 Faulkner, II., 64.
 Featley, I., 253.
 Fire Trees, II., 300.
 Five Fields, II., 315.
 Fisher, Bishop, I., 81.
 Flage, II., 24.
 Flamsteed, I., 288.
 Fox, Bishop, I., 101.
 — Sir S., I., 235, 268, 299,
 303, 311. II., 2, 6.
 Franklin, Dr., II., 204.
 French Chapel, II., 247.
 — Gardeners, II., 283.
 — Prisoners, I., 281.
 Frith, John, I., 50.
 Froude, Mr., I., 52.
 Fuller, I., 29.

G.

Gardens, Ancient, I., 22.
 — Pensioners', II., 18.
 Garrick, II., 226, 296.
 Gay, II., 131, 149, 227.
 Gambold, Bishop, II., 249.
 George I., II., 171.
 — II., II., 108.
 — III., II., 313.
 — IV., II., 320.
 Gerarde, II., 262, 264.

Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, I.,
 155.
 Glass House, I., 287.
 Gleig, Dr., II., 25.
 Godolphin, Lord, II., 53.
 Goodman, Dr., I., 252.
 Gordon, Colonel, II., 319.
 Gorges, Sir Arthur, I., 169. II.,
 229.
 — Sir Thomas, I., 169.
 Gough House, II., 75.
 Grant, Sir Patrick, II., 336.
 Gregorian Calender, I., 271.
 Greenwich, I., 289.
 Gresham, Sir T., I., 267.
 — College, I., 275, 285.
 Grey, Lady Jane, I., 122.
 Grosley, M., II., 173.
 Gunpowder Plot, I., 245.
 Gwynne, Nell, I., 304, 306. II.,
 3.
 "Gwynne, Nell," The, I., 10.
 II., 189.

H.

Haidt, II., 249.
 Hamilton, Duke of, I., 161.
 Hampton Court, I., 143.
 Hand, Mr., II., 193.
 Handel, II., 171.
 Handford, Mr., I., 136.
 Hans Town, II., 284.
 Hastings, Lady E., II., 82, 85.
 — Henrietta Maria, I.,
 233.
 Henry II. of France, I., 140.
 — VIII., Portrait of, I., 87.
 Herbert, Lord, I., 191.
 — George, I., 193.
 Hernhutt, II., 251.
 Hertford, Lord, I., 123.
 Hervey, Lord, II., 137, 179.
 Heywood, I., 21.
 — Ellis, I., 20.
 Hiseland, W., II., 34.
 Hoadly, Bishop, II., 136, 323.
 Hogarth, II., 139.
 Hospital Royal, I., 310.
 Hotham, Sir John, I., 221.

Howard, Earl of Nottingham,
I., 145.

— Mr., II., 286.

Howe, Mr., II., 10, 11.

Howell, Mr., I., 137.

Hudibras, I., 270, 273.

Hunt, Leigh, II., 333.

Hunter, John, II., 225.

Hutt, Major-General, I., 301.

Hyde Park, I., 289.

I.

Italian Opera, II., 58.

J.

James I., I., 187, 237, 268.

Jennings, Mr., II., 254.

Jesus' Tree, I., 19, 42, 45.

Jews' Row, II., 192.

Johnson, Dr., II., 104, 277, 307,
322.

Jones, Lady C., II., 19, 164,
172.

Juan, Don, I., 229, 301.

Jubilee Place, II., 300.

Justice Walk, II., 105.

K.

Katherine Parr, I., 119.

Kil-bourne, I., 9.

Kilmainham, II., 162.

King, Dr., II., 179, 272.

— Dr., of Chelsea, II., 168,
279.

King's Road, II., 284.

Kip's Views, I., 236, 79.

Kit-Cats, II., 86.

Knightsbridge, I., 2.

Kynaston, Sir F., I., 253.

L.

Lacy, II., 296.

"Lamentations of a Sinner," I.,
119, 166.

Laurence Chapel, I., 103.

— Sir T., I., 147, 161

— Street, II., 105, 147.

Leicester, Earl of, I., 124, 158.

Linacre, I., 266.

Lindsey, Earl of, II., 241.

— House, II., 247.

Linnaeus, II., 264, 268, 274, 275.

Locke, II., 64, 75, 86, 180.

Lordship Yard, I., 161.

Lovers' Walk, I., 197. II., 75.

M.

Mackay, II., 27.

Maclise, II., 333.

Magpie, I., 286. II., 142.

Maid of Kent, I., 81.

Manor, I., 12.

— House, I., 125, 160, 192,
194.

Mann, Sir H., II., 269.

Manning, Miss, II., 192, 194.

Mantelpieces, II., 253.

Marlborough, Duke of, I., 232.

— Gems, II., 254.

Mark's St., College, II., 229.

Martyn, II., 279.

Mary, Queen, I., 90, 132, 153.
II., 258.

—, Queen of Scots, I., 145,
165.

Mazarin, Cardinal, I., 228. II.,
39.

—, Duchess of, II., 82.

Mezzotinto, I., 272.

Middleton, Sir H., I., 249.

Miller, II., 274.

Mitford, Mr., II., 253.

—, Rev. J., II., 287.

Monconys, M. de, I., 274.

Monsey, Dr., II., 143.

Monson, Lord, I., 261.

Moore, Sir T., I., 287.

Moravian Burial-ground, I., 79,
236.

Moray, Sir R., I., 268, 283.

More Hall, I., 75.

—, Sir Thomas, I., 13, 266.

—, His Chapel, I., 40, 78.

— Clock, I., 15.

— Daughters, I., 32.

— Epitaph, I., 77.

— Habits, I., 17.

— House, I., 14, 18, 162,
166, 184.

More, His Garden, I., 19.
 ——— Picture, I., 16, 18, 86.
 ——— Second Wife, I., 31,
 37.
 Morse, Mr. S., II., 253.
 Mossop, II., 227.
 Morton, Cardinal, I., 25, 27.
 Mottisfont, I., 101, 103.
 Museum, British, II., 186.
 ———, Sir H. Sloane's, II.,
 183.

N.

Neat Houses, I., 305.
 'Neptune, Great,' I., 251.
 Newcastle, II., 15.
 ———, Duke of, I., 179.
 Noailles, Cardinal, II., 244.
 Norfolk, Duke of, I., 40, 77.
 North, Bishop, II., 141.
 Nottingham, Countess of, I.,
 260.

O.

Oakley Crescent, I., 136.
 Ormond, Duke of, II., 152.
 ———, Daughters of, II., 160.
 Ormond Row, I., 128.
 Orrery, Lord, II., 161.
 Overall, I., 243.

P.

Palace, I., 162, 161. II., 183,
 187.
 ———, Queen Anne's, II., 169.
 Paradise Row, II., 51, 253.
 Park Walk, I., 197.
 Parker, Archbishop, I., 150.
 Parr, Katherine, I., 166.
 Paulet, Marquis of Winchester,
 I., 162.
 Pave, I., 49.
 Pavilion, The, II., 284.
 Pay, Soldiers', I., 301.
 "Pensioner, The Chelsea," II.,
 153.
 Pepys, I., 204, 230, 300, 302.
 II., 2.
 Peterborough, Earl of, II., 316.

Petiver, II., 186, 275.
 Petty, Sir W., I., 267.
 Petyt, II., 169.
 Pitt, Mr., II., 13.
 Pond Place, I., 11.
 Pope, II., 131, 135.
 Potatoes, II., 177.
 Prize-money, II., 7.
 Puritans, I., 239.

Q.

Queen's Elm, I., 167.

R.

Rack, I., 70.
 Radnor, Isabella, Countess of,
 I., 181.
 Raleigh, Sir W., I., 149. II.,
 267.
 Rambler, The, II., 277.
 Ranelagh Gardens, II., 226.
 ———, Lady, I., 275.
 ———, Lord, I., 275. II.,
 8, 15, 19, 54, 56, 131, 297,
 333.
 Ray, II., 268, 274.
 Reach, Chelsea, II., 170.
 Renard, I., 141.
 Ricci, Sebastian, II., 23.
 Rich, II., 226.
 Risby, I., 64.
 Robartes, I., 203.
 Robbers, I., 8, 109. II., 317.
 Robinson, Sir T., II., 226, 296,
 314.
 Royal Society, I., 267, 283.
 II., 273.
 Rupert, Prince, I., 272, 276.
 Rupert's Drops, I., 287.
 Russell, Lord John, II., 31.
 Rustat, T., II., 5.

S.

Sackville, I., 164.
 St. Albans, Earl of, II., 49.
 ———, Duke of, II., 43.
 St. James' Hospital, I., 7.
 ——— Palace, I., 104.
 Salisbury House, I., 172.

Salter, II., 176, 199.
 Salisbury House, I., 172.
 Salubrity, II., 154.
 Sandford House, II., 98.
 Sandwich, Fourth Earl of, II., 276.
 Sandy End, II., 96.
 Scott, Lady, II., 31.
 Serpentine, I., 10.
 Seymour, Admiral, I., 114, 150.
 Shadwell, II., 151.
 Shaftesbury, first Earl of, II., 60.
 ———— third Earl of, II., 61, 86.
 Shepherd, Mr., I., 200.
 Sherard, II., 275.
 Ship House, I., 128.
 Shrewsbury, Countess of, I., 153, 175.
 Silk worms, II., 150.
 Silver, I., 51.
 Skerrit, Miss, II., 129.
 Slater, Dr., I., 258.
 Sloane, Sir Hans, II., 271, 273.
 ———— Square, II., 285.
 Smith, George, II., 250.
 ———— Sir James, II., 63.
 Smollett, II., 307.
 Snell, Hannah, II., 33.
 Somerset, Duchess of, I., 144.
 South Sea Bubble, II., 31.
 Southwell, Sir R., I., 277, 287.
 Spanish entertainment, II., 309.
 Stairs, water, II., 22, 255.
 Stanley, Sir R., I., 174.
 State papers, domestic, I., 294, 295.
 Steele, I., 198. II., 98, 197, 201.
 Stanhope, Lord, I., 149.
 Stonehouse, Mr. T., II., 248.
 Strickland, Miss, I, 135. II., 187.
 Stuart, Lady Arabella, I., 154.
 ———— Lord Charles, I., 154.
 Sunderland, Lady, I., 234.
 ———— Lord, I., 231, 303.
 II., 31.
 Supremacy, Act of, I., 65.
 Sutcliffe, John, I., 261, 285.
 ———— Dr., I., 243, 251.

Swan, the, II., 144.
 Sweed Court, I., 212.
 Swift, I., 198. II., 88.

T.

Tatler, II., 83, 93.
 Tewkesbury, I., 45.
 Throckmorton, Job, I., 244.
 ———— Sir N., I., 115.
 Thurlow, Mr. I., 75.
 Tomline, Bishop, II., 141.
 Tower of London, I., 67, 71, 82, 94, 128.
 Tradescant, II., 263, 291.
 Truro, Lord, I., 202.
 Turner, II., 258.
 Tunstal, I., 43.
 Tusser, II., 259.
 Tyebourne, I., 9.
 Tyndale, I., 42, 43, 79.

V.

Vanbrugh, II., 112.
 Verrio, I., 303. II., 20, 339.
 Victoria Hospital, II., 75.
 ———— Station, I., 7.
 Vineyards, I., 2.
 Vyne, the, I., 101.

W.

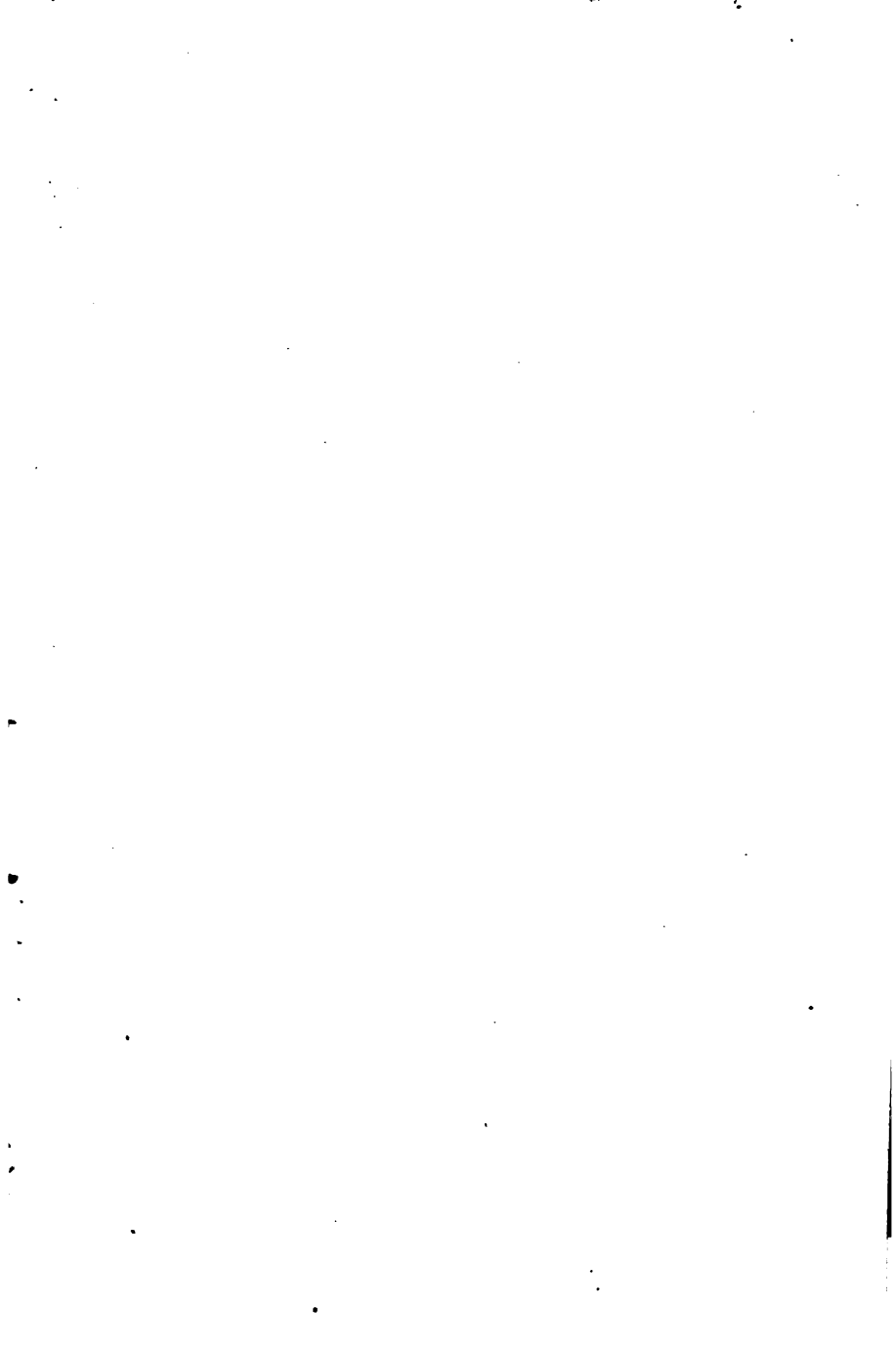
Wales, Prince of, II., 182.
 Walpole, H., II., 129, 308.
 ———— Lady, II., 133.
 ———— Sir R., II., 35, 304.
 Walton, Isaac, I., 187, 199.
 Ward, Ned, I., 270.
 Warwick, Earl of, I., 155, 157.
 Waterworks, Chelsea, I., 10.
 II., 297.
 ———— Huckney, I., 242.
 Waterloo, II., 29.
 Watts, II., 265, 273.
 Wellington, Duke of, II., 30.
 Wesley, II., 246.
 Westminster Abbey, I., 3. II., 59.
 Women's education, I., 32.
 Workhouse, St. George's, II., 75.

-
- Wharton, Lady, I., 199.
 ——— Lord, I., 197.
 ——— his park, II., 75,
 150.
 Whistler, Mr., II., 254.
 White Horse, the, II., 166, 280.
 Wilderness Row, I., 9.
 Wilkes, II., 222, 224.
 Wilkinson, Dr., I., 258.
 William III., I., 236. II., 19,
 32.
 Wilmer, II., 279.
 Winchester House, II., 139.
 ——— Marquess of, I.,
 144. II., 74.
 Winstanley, I., 181.
- Wolsey, I., 7, 25, 36, 95.
 Women's education, I., 32, 33.
 Workhouse, St. George's, II.,
 75.
 Wren, Sir O., I., 275, 289, 307.
 II., 3, 22.
 Wyatt, Sir F. T., I., 141.
 Wyatt-Edgell, I., 135.
 Wyndham, Mr., II., 13.
- Y.**
- Yarborough, Earl of, II., 318.
 York, Duke of, II., 308, 334.
- Z.**
- Zinzendorf, II., 269.

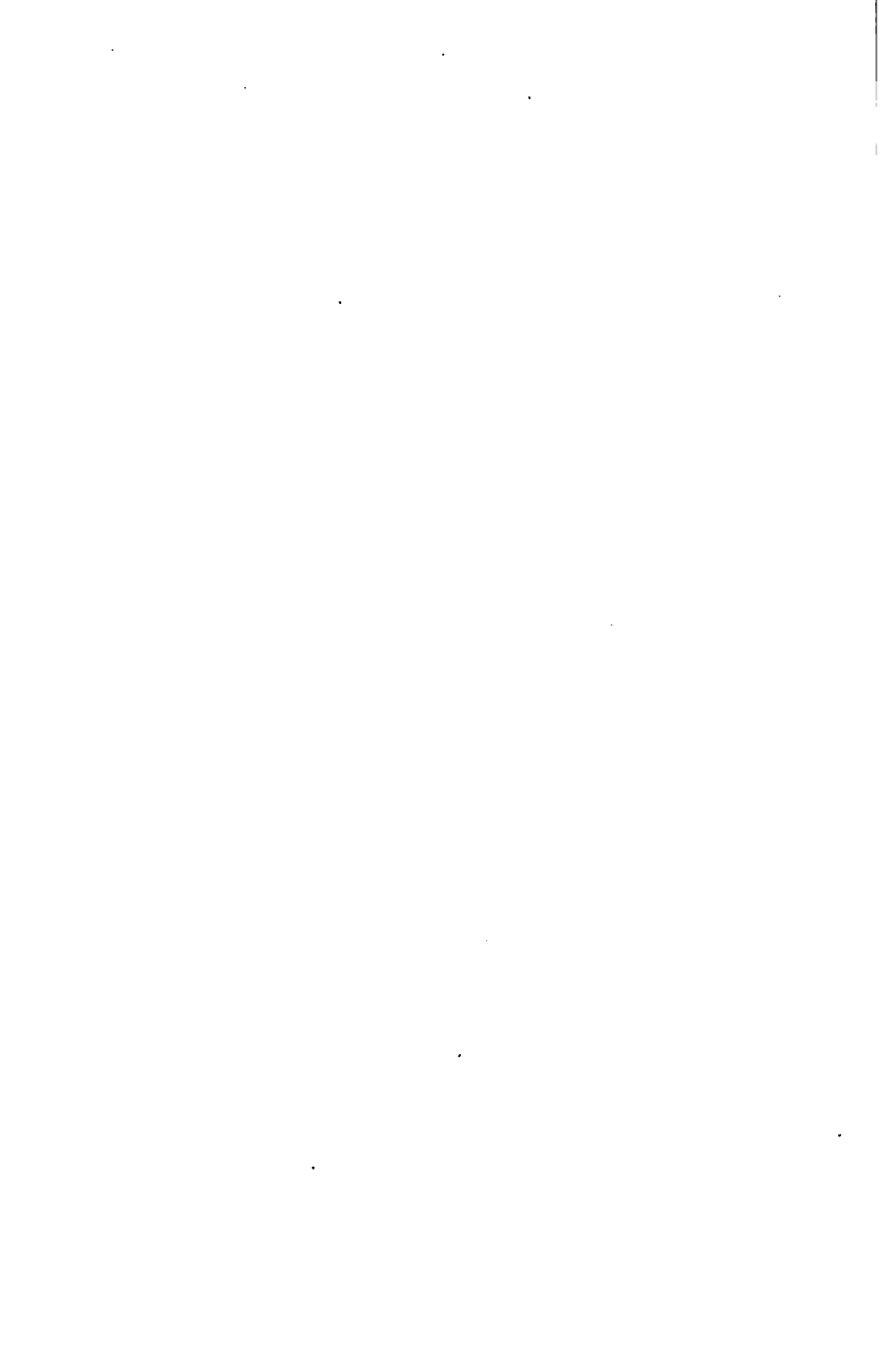
THE END.

28

✓







1956

